TWO SPLENDID SERIAL STORIES BEGIN NEXT WEEK, "OLD SATAN'S GAL" AND "THE MASSINGBIRD PUZZLE." THEY WILL CURE THE SPRING FEVER


# THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 15. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1910. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.


## Heralds of the Spring

More surely now than bees or birds awing,
Or lovelorn youths in search of blushing mates,
Come the long waited heralds of the spring,
The glad kids trying out their roller skates.

# The Master of the Mills;

## *Or, Mildred Starbard's Peril*

### By L. A. Jocelyn Smith

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Begun in No. 12, March 19. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

THE time allotted for the doctor's stay at Hazelden had nearly expired, and each day he became more convinced that the end was near, and it became certain that the girl's love believed him. I must get speech with Bruce, and learn more of the particulars which Horace is not inclined to talk of. He is moody, unsocial, almost rude, and I suspect he'll be glad when I leave Hazelden. I do not believe that he has finished here, but I feel convinced that he knows what has become of her, and I'm certain that he hates Bruce. Once we actually ghastly pale when I spoke of his talking in his sleep, and confessed my suspicions. 'Oh, he! they may search but they'll never find her! Curse him, how I hate him, but they'll never know what he has done with her.' He's afraid of his own shadow. I wouldn't have his conscience for a king's dom."

Twice the doctor had made an evening call at Mrs. Starbard's house, but found that Bruce was busily engaged in making up books, at the office, and he would be at home until midnight.

Pleading business, Horace left the house directly after breakfast, and went away to the mills, leaving his wife to look after services. His face was pale except for a fever spot that burned upon his sallow cheeks, the flame kindled by an evil consciousness.

He rarely visited that upper story where another occupied the seat at the bookkeeper's board, a girl less fair than Mildred.

Sauntering about in a listless, preoccupied fashion, from one winding machine to another, he reached the rear of the long workroom, pausing beside the main shaft where the great belt was revolving with the swiftness of lightning.

Those nearest him saw him suddenly retort and turn pale as death, with such a ghastly, horror-stricken face that Bobby Blake gave a little scream of affright, rousing the long line of girls down the room, and in an instant all eyes were turned in the direction of the door, gazing blankly at the pale, slender girl standing upon the threshold, her great dark eyes fixed full upon the shrinking face of the master of Hazelden.

A hoarse cry rose above even the din of the revolving wheels, an awful cry of unutterable horror, as Horace Littlefield, with hands outstretched, as if to ward off the phantom, reeled blindly backward.

His livid face was turned toward the figure standing in the doorway, the form of the girl he believed dead, lying in the lonely cell directly beneath his feet.

No one had noticed Allan Bruce standing just outside the door, until with a stride he placed himself beside the blackfaced girl whom he had remembered as a polite companion, while looming in the background stood two officers.

The foreman stared blankly, with open-mouthed astonishment, the girl shrunk back as the officers made their way across the room in obedience to Bruce's stern command.

"Arrest that man! I charge him with the attempted murder of Mildred Starbard whom he believed dead by his hand, and whom he left buried alive in the old well pit beneath the mill! Officers, do your duty!"

The accusation rang out above the crash and whir of the revolving wheels, and mechanically the startled operatives ceased from the whirling belts, forgetting to even cry out, so intense was their astonishment.

"Mildred—alive!" gasped Horace, fiercely, setting his teeth and rousing himself to meet the appalling situation. "She has escaped, is here to accuse me, to send me to prison, but I will meet her, defy her power!"

All his savage blood was up in an instant.

"Back! back!" he shouted, hoarsely, "how dare you come here, standing with such a fake? The man is mad! Yonder woman is an escaped lunatic!"

"Which we will give you opportunity to prove before judge and jury!" called Bruce, as he advanced to confront the villain, who drew a revolver and stood at bay.

"You lie!" he shrieked. "I'll shoot the first man who dares advance to lay a finger on me!"

Unmindful of the desperate threat, both officers sprang forward. There was a flash, a report, and the arm of the foremost fell by his side, shattered at the wrist.

Shriek upon shriek rent the air as the frightened woman crowded back, while Allan Bruce rushed to the assistance of his remaining officer.

"Don't allow him to escape; he's a desperate villain!" called Allan, as he grasped Littlefield's wrist, and with a powerful wrench twisted the weapon from his hand, tossing it to a distance.

"Let go, you cursed hireling. I'll not be taken alive!" yelled Littlefield, as he broke from his captor, seized a ponderous hammer from a shelf near at hand and swung it with a tremendous sweep about his head, as he retreated backward.

Again the wild shrieks of women mingled with the warning cry of men.

Too late—Horace Littlefield rushed blindly to his fate.

The flying belt caught the skirt of his coat, and with lightning-like velocity he was whirled upward; once, twice, thrice, he made the dreadful circuit, his limbs dashed helplessly against the heavy beams above.

A single, despairing cry burst from his lips, but at the first contact with the heavy obstruction he was struck as senseless as if already dead.

With the bound of a gazelle, Mildred sprung forward, seized the ponderous lever, and with a strength born of horror and fear, forced it downward.

Instantly the huge belt slipped upon the loose pulley, and the released, mangled form fell heavily to the floor, an inert heap.

With the power gone, the steady thud of the machinery ceased, and there was an uproar in the entrance hall, as down the slippery stairs the employes from the upper rooms hurried.

Allan lifted the head of the prostrate man, resting it upon his knee, while the foreman, who had been cruelly shorn of power to get a glimpse of the death-white, bloodstained face of his late employer.

"Is he dead?"

It was a hoarse whisper rose on all sides, but none could answer.

"Call a doctor—the nearest—Doctor Scott, he is at Hazelden!" ordered the wounded Bruce, and the foreman was hastening to obey when he ran directly against a man who was crossing the room, a servant from Hazelden, and wearing a very white, scared face.

"What's the matter? Who is hurt here? he gasped, with eyes wide open. "Is it about Doctor Scott? You can't get him, he's over at Hazelden, and has just sent him. Old Peter is very sick. Mrs. Granger sent me to tell Miss Mildred to fetch Miss Littlefield. He's needed badly. Great God! it's Mr. Horace himself! Oh, Lord!"

He broke off abruptly, his glance rested upon the prostrate form which Allan Bruce was just lowering to the floor, and paused and wraps which the terrified girls brought. "Is he dead? Oh, what has happen?" whispered the frightened servant. "Who is murder?"

It was indeed a gruesome sight, the arms of the unfortunate man hung limp, the head and limbs drooped in a strangely unnatural posture, but the face was slightly pale, and the lips compressed in a white line beneath the heavy mustache.

"He is not dead! It would be better for him if he were, poor fellow," Allan answered, with a shudder, looking at the ghastly man, in his pity forgetting for the mass of crushed humanity.

"Here's the doctor!" called a voice, and through the crowd, who hovered about the entrance, Dr. Scott pushed his way, hastily kneeling beside the injured man, who was still breathing, but lying deathly pale.

A low moan burst from his lips as the physician began the necessary examination.

The doctor, professionally, a man of few words, answered in a brief, but decided manner:

"Both arms are broken, legs broken, the right in two places; shoulders badly bruised, and worse than all, the back of the skull probably fractured; loss of blood not very severe. Call an ambulance and I will accompany him on board the train. Reserve for Springfield in ten minutes," glancing at his watch.

"I can do but little here for him; care for the hospital. Springfield is the nearest. He is partially unconscious."

The crowd fell back, while willing hands bore the wounded man to the ambulance, which was driven slowly away, accompanied by the doctor and two employes.

By order of the foreman the mill was closed for the day, the girls gathering about Mildred, whom they regarded almost in the light of one raised from the dead, while Allan Bruce was left alone with his own sombre thoughts.

"And you were hidden right under our very feet!"

"What a horrible wretch! It is true, after all, and he was guilty?"

"He deserves worse than hanging!"

"And he's not dead!"

"It's a righteous judgment, sent on him for his wickedness!"

Amid a Babel of cries and interrogations, Mildred was enchained upon an office chair, while she related the particulars of her imprisonment and miraculous escape.

CHAPTER XIV.

HORACE.

The obloquy which was to be his attack upon the young girl who had so mysteriously reappeared from the grave, buried alive in the pit beneath the mill, could not be avoided, but even to the most uncharitable and bitter of the press Horace Littlefield was an object of pity, and remembering that even should Mildred live to tell her story, the fact that cases of pain a maimed and crippled object of pity, Horace Littlefield, and the prosecution was withdrawn.

He had not meant to murder her, she was dead, and the shuddering at the thought of what her fate might have been for her own interposition of a merciful Providence.

After wanderings after her escape from the building she had not the faintest recollection. When she awoke from the delirium into which she had fallen, she was lying in a strange, gruesome cell, stone walls about her, rudely constructed, and a pillow under her head.

She could see by the faint daylight that struggled through a narrow crevice within reach of her hand, that the place was furnished with the barest necessities, a cot, a stand, upon which half a dozen vials were ranged, a goblet, a small lamp—that was all, save the narrow cot on which she lay.

In a hazy sort of way she comprehended these details. A perfumed effluvia reigned, broken only by the soft sighing of the wind, and the rustling of leaves upon the thick branches of shrubbery which overlapped a narrow door at the extremity of the cell.

She raised her hand to her fevered head. What was this? A bandage of some soft material encircled her head, and once more memory made almost superhuman effort to recall the past, but all in vain, and again closing her eyes she lay in a half stupor, her mind a chaos.

When next she fully awoke a lamp was burning upon the little stand by the side of her cot, and the rickety chair was occupied.

Where had she been before, an old man, bent and wrinkled. Something in the face brought back a realization of the terrible scenes through which she had passed, and like a knife-thrust some sad memory resumed its sway, she remembered that fatal evening, the scene beneath the gaslight, the struggle, the terrible darkness that clouded her senses for a season, then the dreadful awakening as she believed a living tomb; the steady sawing of sharp teeth which had opened her way to freedom, then again all was a blank.

"Who are you?"

Her voice, even to herself, seemed faint and afar off.

The old man rose slowly from his chair and bent over her, taking her white hand in his brown palms and gazing down into her face as if he would read the light of her reason had returned.

"Thank God, Miss Mitly, you are saved! Don't you know me, child? I'm old Peter—Peter Harkins, you know, head gardener at Hazelden, leastways I was before I got so old; no, child, don't try to tell me; the old man knows well enough what has happened; you've told it over and over when you was as mad as a March hare, all about the ruts, everything.

"I found you wandering in the woods near here, child, and you was without doubt insane. I don't know, but here I found you at Hidden Rock, were a-lying on the ground raving, out o' your head, and I knew that Littlefield, for some wicked reason of his own, had shut you in the old pit and left you to die there. He is wicked and cruel—bold Peter called that he—and old Peter, and I made up my mind that if he knew anything of the deed I'd live to finish the work and nobody be the wiser. Then I thought o' this place, nobody ever comes here, and I were a-lugging you in my arms as if you were a baby and brought you here; nobody finds old Peter's cave, a younger man in my place at Hazelden, and I had plenty of time to nurse you back to life, but many's the day I thought this spot would be your grave, for I'd have buried you here, child.

"I thought it all out. If you died I would go to Mr. Bruce and tell my story; if you lived, you'd tell him yourself, but you see, while you were out of your mind, it could do nothing."

"And Allan, he thinks me dead?"

"Everybody thinks that, Miss Mitly; everybody, and they have searched high and low, but never dreamed of looking here."

"How long have I been here, and what place is this?" she asked, gazing curiously about at the grim, gray walls, the black door, standing now partly closed, and noticing that the cell was windowless. "What place is this? it is all so strange!"

"You might feel kind of strange if I tell you," hesitated Peter. "Think you would?"

"No."

"Well, then, child, it's the safest place in the world; the old smuggler's cave belongs to the Hazeldens, but, bless you, it hasn't been used for fifty years as I know on; it's right in the middle of the old quarry, and the underbrush and briars have grown right up to the door, and there's a tree growing on the top, right over our heads, and the roots have made a big crease between the stones in the arch, until three or four have caved in and let in daylight, so I can have the door closed mostly," explained old Peter, with the utmost sang froid. "I hope you won't feel nervous, little girl."

"I have not the least fear, Uncle Peter," Mildred replied, "but," as she tried to raise herself upon her elbow, "my head is sore and I must go to him; he will know exactly what to do. Wealden and powerful though Horace Littlefield is, he shall pay the penalty of his crimes."

"Just as soon as you are able to be taken away from here I will go and tell Mr. Bruce. He is at the mill."

"At the mill? Why, there was a strike, how came he there?" asked Mildred, wonderingly.

"A strike, no there was, and when you were missed the mob came over to Hazelden and were a-going to burn the house down, but Mr. Bruce came and saved Hazelden, and that Mr. Horace had made away with you, and encouraged by the words of a man who came on from New York, he put 'em off the track, made 'em all believe he was innocent; then he agreed to take charge and set 'em all to work again at the old mill, and Mr. Bruce, he's there now, and I'm going to sleep again, while I get forty winks in my chair, and tomorrow you will are strong enough, I will go over to Riverdale and your sweetheart shall come back with me."

Reassured by his encouraging words, Mildred drifted into a quiet, healthful slumber, which lasted many hours.

But it was nearly a week before Peter Harkins was enabled to fulfil his promise, and Mildred regained her strength sufficiently to be removed from her refuge.

It was with the utmost caution, and after exacting a promise of secrecy concerning his share in the affair, that old Peter imparted the joyful news to Allan, who listened, at first with incredulity, fully believing that the old gardener was old demented, and that his strange story was but the hal-


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lucination engendered by the startling events to which Peter had listened, but at last he was convinced of the truth of the story, and his fine eyes lit up with a joyous gleam, his heart throbbed tumultuously.

"I will go to her at once!" he exclaimed. "Remain here while I bring a carriage. I will drive you over, and you shall lead me to the old smoke house. My darling will find a safe refuge with her mother until the proper time to expose the villain and secure his arrest, for, by Heaven, he shall not go unpunished."

We draw a veil over the scene when the happy, grateful Mildred was clasped in her lover's arms, both forgetful of the gruesome surroundings, while old Peter stood by, rubbing his hands gleefully, and chuckling softly.

"God bless 'em both! It does my old heart good to think that the Lord has made me an instrument to bring these two together, makes me feel 'most young again!"

Wrapping the heavy cloak he had brought about her slight form, and drawing the hood over her face, Allan handed Mildred to the carriage which was waiting in the grass-grown cross-road, and drove rapidly away to the tenement house upon one of the quiet, suburban streets of Riverdale, where Mrs. Starbard awaited the coming of her daughter, while old Peter hobbled back to Haselden awaiting coming events.

## CHAPTER XV.

### DETECTIVE BY CHANCE.

In a private apartment, at the hospital, Horace Littlefield lay, at times unconscious, or raving by turns, while James Dunbar sat beside his cot, noting every change, a self-constituted nurse for the man who had been his friend.

He watched, anxiously, while a corps of physicians performed all the operations that could be borne by the patient, but there was not a hope that life could be prolonged beyond a few hours.

In the hall, adjoining, a trained nurse awaited a call from the young physician, while the hours wore on, the dull ticking of a watch lying upon the table told the seconds like a weird death-watch.

Occasionally a smothered cry, or a deep groan came from the distance, as some ward patient writhed in pain, but the ear of the dying man was deaf to all sounds.

It was long past midnight, and the experienced physician knew that his patient would never see the light of dawn.

"Oh, if he would only recover his reason for a brief moment," prayed the watcher, "he might, in the face of death, make a confession that would clear the mystery his revilers say I should God grant that he may!"

An alarm of fire broke the stillness, seven discordant drones that could be felt like the pealing of an organ, and as the vibration reached his nerves, the dying man opened his eyes and stared wildly, his gaze fixed upon a shadowy corner of the room.

"Uncle Cliff, are you there? Have you come from the world of spirits to tear the truth from my lips? Would you unearth the secret I have guarded, force me to acknowledge Allan Bruce as your son, and make him master of Haselden!"

The form gathered upon the wretched sufferer's lips, he clenched his hands, raised them feebly in the air fell nervelessly upon the counterpane.

"You saw me, you have haunted my dreams, made my days a torture since the moment I took Letitia's confession from your hand—I feel the touch of your clammy fingers—I have felt them ever since. I hid the paper, but you could find it. Yes, yes! I'd have destroyed it, but your dead eyes followed me, and I dared not—that proof. I placed it where you kept the memories of your dead affections, and you smiled when I folded the pages closely and concealed the proof.

The sufferer paused for breath, and his eyes half closed.

Dunbar bent over him, holding his breath to catch a sound. He must know the hiding place, there was not a moment to lose, and, placing his lips to the ear of the dying man, he whispered:

"Where did you hide the paper you stole from my hand? Confess, I command you!"

"Why? You know I placed it in the frame beneath her portrait! Have mercy!"

"Whose portrait?" demanded Dunbar, in a metallic whisper.

"Emeline—you saw me, you opened your desk and followed every motion, while I unsealed the framework and placed the confession back of the back. Your body was lying upon the bier in your own chamber, your spirit was beside me, just as it is now—you are beckoning me—I must go, and Allan Bruce will be master of Haselden! I'll confess, I'll confess!"

He raised his hands with a convulsive movement, for an instant, and all was over.

"Praise the Lord! I can unravel the mystery at last. Little did he imagine that by giving me his name, I should be enabled to search for the proof of his guilt, after the soul that inhabited this tenement of clay should have passed to its account. God be merciful to him!" breathed the physician, with a half sob in his throat.

Upon the early morning train Horace Littlefield's body was borne on its way to Haselden.

Few tears were shed, for the servants at the mansion had no pleasant memories of the master who had been overbearing and cold, but the funeral was conducted with decorum and a show of respect when Horace Littlefield was laid to his last sleep beside his kindred.

Doctor Dunbar retired at an early hour for he was in a state of nervous excitement that was almost unbearable. He must probe the mystery, and his fingers trembled when he lifted the cumbrous frame from its fastenings and drew the studding of locks from the frame, releasing the back. His heart beat with heavy thuds when two papers slipped to the rug beneath his feet.

With nervous haste he unfolded the closely written pages, and his chair beneath the gas jet, while he read the lines penned by a hand cold in death, damb witness to the chain of circumstantial evidence he had forged, link by link, concerning the mystery that had so long shrouded the flight of Emeline.

"RAG HARBOR, L. I., May 2, 18—.

"Dear Clifford—Permit me to call you so for the last time, for when you have finished

A single cry burst from his lips.

the reading of these pages you will curse the writer. I am about to unfold the plot that sent your young wife into the cold world penniless and friendless, made your home desolate and embittered your life with an unavailing sorrow, but I cannot, dare not die until I have unburdened my heart and besought your forgiveness.

"Many years ago, when you were but a youth of fifteen, you, with your parents and your baby sister, Lura, were among the passengers on the ill-fated steamer, 'Lexington,' that was burned to the water's edge, on Long Island Sound. You remember the horrors of that bitter winter night, when passengers and crew leaped from the fire-hellows, most of them to a cold death in the ice-laden waters.

"I was but a child of seven, living with my widowed mother, in a cottage upon the Long Island shore, and from our window we viewed the terrific sight, powerless to give aid.

"Higher and fiercer rose the red flames, in banners that dyed the dark waters, turned the icy mosses to quivering gems, and painted the blue coldness of the star-gemmed winter sky.

"Huge ice cakes crashed together, rendering the passage of boats extremely difficult and dangerous.

"The steward and one of the crew, escaped in a small boat, and just as they were pulling away from the burning steamer a piercing cry reached the awful din.

"'Save my baby! I must die, but, for the love of God, save her!'

"A lady, whose face was plainly revealed in the glare of the conflagration, raised her baby above the heads of those in the water. It fell within arm's length from the boat, a baby girl wrapped in a fur cloak, which was securely bound about its body. The fur was snow-white, the short waves of the material before it was grasped by the steward.

"Passengers were drowning and leaping into the water, shrieking for aid, and it required the utmost skill of the oarsmen to avoid the clutch of drowning men and women that must have swamped the cockleshell boat.

"Rowing with might and main, the sailors reached the shore and hurried to our cottage, which was nearest their landing place.

"My mother took the child in her arms, and the two men went away, hoping to aid in the rescue of other unfortunates. Numbers of the crew gave their lives in the heroic attempt to save drowning wretches, but most of the passengers were lost.

"At the last moment, when all hope was vain, Captain Hilliard lashed himself to a cotton bale, and drifted at the will of the tide. It was not until the morning that he was washed ashore, and his limbs were so badly frozen that amputation was necessary.

"We watched, fascinated with the very horror of the scene, until the sheets of flame melted in one huge blot of crimson, swayed from side to side, sank lower and lower, spread for a brief moment upon the icy bosom of the waters, flattened like a lurid winding-sheet, and, with a flash, sunk from sight where the ill-fated Lexington went down.

"You were among the very last of the passengers that were rescued in a boat, to which you were taken unconscious. The captain reported that your father and mother refused to enter the boat until you and your little sister were lowered safely. There was no room for the babe, and the boatmen pulled shoreward. Scarcely were you placed in the bed when a curtain of fire swept upward, parents and child were hidden from view. Their pitiful, while, all unconscious of their fate, you were brought safely to shore and carried to Daddy Coleman's shanty, a cabin, constructed from odd bits picked up from wreckage, pardons of staterooms patched together. The old fisherman was as queer as his dwelling. He was fond of children, and I was his favorite, and thus it happened that I was a frequent visitor at the cabin.

"A fever followed your terrible exposure, and I sat by your cot while you tossed restlessly, thinking of your little sister, your father and mother, whom we knew were drowned in the waters of the Sound.

"Daddy Coleman cautioned me not to disturb the little treasure he had taken from your pocket and placed upon a shelf at the head of your couch. The caution stimulated my curiosity, and, during his absence I took a peep at the contents, two tiny bracelets of fine Brazilian gold. Upon the golden clasp was engraved a name, so often upon your lips.

"Lura.

"It was inordinately fond of trinkets, and these ornaments proved too much for my childish honesty. I purloined one of the bracelets, unknown to the old man, and hid it on the shelf. I had learned from your mutterings that I was your junior, and I hid my treasure where I was certain my mother would not find it, reasoning that when you recovered, you would go far away, and I could pretend that I had picked up this bauble on the beach. You recovered, and, contrary to my expectation, you missed the bracelets, not a suspicion that I had purloined it entered the honest fisherman's mind.

"Upon what trivial acts our destinies hang. I was too young to realize that I had committed a crime. It was only the punishment that I feared, and little did I dream that in taking the ornament I coveted I laid the foundation for a sin that would blast the life of the little waif thrown on our care, and render your life miserable.

"In a few months we removed to New Haven, taking the child with us whom my mother had named Emeline. My mother forbade me to speak of that night of horror, or to hint that the little waif was not her own flesh and blood, and Emeline was reared in the belief that she was my sister."

(Continued next week.)

**Well! Well!**

Mrs. Brown—Does she believe in divorces? Mrs. Town—Why, I should say. She hires a divorce lawyer by the year.

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**But Acquitted by Juries and Judges and Permitted to Continue in a Work He Alone Can Do, as He Is the Only Man in the World Using His System—Patients Make Startling Statements of His Successful Method of Treating Consumption, Bright's Disease, Kidney Trouble, Blindness, Fits, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Cataracts, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, Hay Fever and Many Other Diseases That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.**

WICHITA, Kas.—The almost miraculous cures of hopeless invalids made by Professor Samuels of Wichita, Kas., have been of such a startling character that they have aroused widespread wonder, admiration and curiosity. Time and again he has taken cases pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical profession and restored the patients to life and health in a most phenomenal manner.

There is considerable mystery attached to Professor Samuels' methods of accomplishing these marvels, and it is known that he does not use the drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon. He claims to have discovered in his forty years of practice, that a certain law of nature has peculiar properties heretofore unsuspected, and that by the application of this law, there is no disease he may not cure. And it is a matter of proof that this law of nature's own system this discovery gives him, he has made the blind see and the lame walk. He has revived the flickering spark of life in bodies on the very verge of the grave, and restored to health men and women given up to die by doctors and specialists.

Professor Samuels came into note several years ago by his almost miraculous cure of "Blind Joe," of Wichita, Kas., who was well known in that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the streets there for years. He had been blind for many years and had exhausted all the means in his power to be cured, but had given up in despair until he fell into the hands of Professor Samuels, who effected a cure.

Professor Samuels has been arrested many times for practicing his system without having a diploma. On being interviewed a few days ago relative to his many arrests, Prof. Samuels said:

"Yes, I have been arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case have I been convicted. Naturally, the medical profession are jealous of my success and are fighting me most of the time, but how are they going to convict me? Do you suppose any jury, when my patients come into court as they did at Alva, Okla., Newkirk, Ok., Ponca City, Ok., and other towns, and tell how I have cured them of all manner of troubles, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what I have accomplished, is going to convict me? My trial at Alva was before a very able judge, Jesse J. Dunn, who is now Chief Justice of the state of Oklahoma; after hearing the evidence for and against me I was acquitted. At Newkirk I was tried before Judge Hainsley, a very able judge. Judge Brown, a noted lawyer was the prosecuting attorney, and fought the case very hard, but I was acquitted. These persecutions were brought because I have no license. Being the discoverer and only practitioner of my system of healing, how can I to have a diploma? I am a doctor in it to myself, and the medical fraternity, trotting along in the same harness for the past century, too blind to accept my discovery, which accomplishes actual results, make it impossible for me to procure a license as a representative of any of the recognized schools. So what am I to do but to proceed in my own way to perform cures that astound humanity?"

The professor here laid before the reporter a reprint from the court records showing the proof of his assertions that the court had not convicted him.

Professor Samuels is a remarkable man. Bright, alert, progressive and although 60, he is straight and active and gives one the impression that he is much younger. He talks with such an earnest conviction and enthusiasm of his work that the listener must believe him and believe in his cures.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

"That is a secret that has taken me many years of my life to perfect. I can only say that my results are obtained treating all diseases through the eye. I cure by dropping a colorless liquid which I prepare into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, epileptic fits, nervous prostration are cured in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating the bodily ills, based on the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but I back up my claims by results."

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"My greatest aim in life from now on will be to relieve the ills of humanity, the afflicted and when death shall claim me, I have arranged so that my secret will not die with me, but will be handed down to men in ages to come will reap the reward of my life's work."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their trouble may be, should write Professor Samuels, room 62, Samuels Building, Wichita, Kas., for his "Message of Facts," and they will find something in it of interest to them.

## CAPTAIN TOM'S PROMISE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Tom, you must not go!"

She came out into the morning sunshine at the sound of her son's voice, a little, gray, faith-faced woman in widow's weeds.

"Good-by, Tom, my good boy," standing on tiptoe to kiss him; "you'll not forget your mother when you're gone?"

He looked down, and his keen, blue-gray eyes filled with tears, and the firm lips quivered, but he replied, tremulously, like a woman's.

"No, mother," a half sob in his voice, "I'll not forget you."

"You will write, my good, handsome Tom," she responded, patting and caressing his arm with her childish, dimpled hands. "You never will let your mother spend an hour's sorrow in all your life, and you'll write me often, for I shall look for you unceasingly, and you'll come back to me, Tom. I am sure the good God will bring you back to me. One word more, Tom, my dear little Bible," drawing a small package from her pocket and handing it to him, "read from it together. Mind, Tom, dear, and make it a habit to read from it every day. You'll never go astray. Army life is full of temptations, but for little mother's sake you'll not yield to them?"

"No, mother."

"And, Tom, dear, you'll abstain from strong drink—you won't look on the wine when it is red. You will promise me that?"

"Yes, little mother."

"And you'll never break your promise, I'm sure of that. Whenever temptation lures you you to join them in a social glass, you'll think of mother, Tom. You will break my heart to see my boy's handsome face bloated with drink and sin."

"You shall never see it, mother. Good-by now. Here goes the bugle—I must be off. Take care of yourself, little mother."

"Ay, ay, Tom!"

He kissed the knapsack across his broad shoulders and strode down the dewy lane, his tall, manly figure shining brightly on his burnished arms and soldier's garb. An hour later he had joined his regiment, and was under marching orders, in the seat of war.

It was summer night in Southern Virginia. The sky hot and brassy, a lurid, sullen glow hanging like a pall over the smoky fields and long lines of shimmering tents.

A group of officers were drinking and chatting in the colonel's tent.

"Come, Tom," said a gray-bearded old major, addressing the tall young captain, "a cup of cavalry brandy; come, my lad, here's a glass of good old whiskey to warm your blood and fire your courage. We've bloody work in the morning, and must get down."

He extended the brimming glass, and Tom put out his hand to receive it. He held it aloft for a moment, then set it down untasted.

"Excuse me, major," he said, in a clear, ringing voice, "but I have taken a vow never to touch liquor, and I will keep it. I am a soldier, and when death shall claim me, I have arranged so that my secret will not die with me, but will be handed down to men in ages to come will reap the reward of my life's work."

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"Here goes!" cried the colonel, clinking his glass against that of his nearest neighbor, "we'll drink to our wives and sweethearts, boys!"

He drained his glass, and a dozen others followed his example; but tall Captain Tom set down his untasted, and untasted, he left it, though the jeers and taunts of his brother officers were hot in the air.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

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"Oh, my boy!" she sobbed, tears raining over her cheeks, "my tall, handsome Tom! Never to see him again—never to hear his voice—ah! to die without a kiss from his strong arms. It is very bitter! Oh, Tom, Tom!"

The crickets piped out their shrill melody, and the locusts whirred above and then a sudden cry—a cry of such intense, unutterable woe that all the night took up the sound, and hundreds of echoes repeated it amid the surrounding hills.

He heard the cry, and he knew it.

"Yes, it is I, little mother!"

He hastened to her elder, covering her wet cheeks with passionate kisses.

"Oh, Tom, have you died at last," she sobbed at last. "I thought you were dead, my darling; but you have come back, my brave, handsome soldier!"

She raised herself from his embrace, and, putting her hand on his shoulder, looked steadily in his eyes.

They met her searching gaze, clear and fearless.

"Tom," she said, with a little laugh that had in it a sob, "your mother's boy is no impure and true as you went—my good boy! Has kept his promise!"

"Yes, thank heaven! I have kept my promise!" he answered, with a solemn reverence in his handsome eyes; "and it has been my salvation! The temptation was a sore one, and I shall not deny that I should have died, like several of my comrades, poor fellows! but the thought of you saved me, as I seemed to see your face between me and the luring glass. It was all your work, little mother!"

"And God has given me my reward! He has given me back my boy, as I had promised as dead!" responded his mother, with many tears.


## ROSY COLOR

**Produced by Postum.**

"When a person rises from each meal with a feeling of fullness and a pleasant sense of nervousness, it is a common habit to charge it to the deranged stomach.

It is a mistake to suppose that drinking coffee, which I never suspected for a long time I had literally poison in my system, at time to me opportunity offers.

"A lady friend complained to me that she had taken Postum, but it did not agree with her, but it did not taste good.

In reply to my question she said she guessed she boiled it about ten minutes. I advised her to follow directions and know that she boiled it fifteen or twenty minutes and she would have something worth talking about. A short time ago I heard one of her children say that there were always two kinds of coffee days, so I judge she succeeded in making good coffee, which is by no means a difficult task.

"The son of one of my friends was formerly a pale lad, but since he has been using Postum has a fine color. There is plenty of evidence that Postum actually makes 'good red blood,' as the famous trade-mark says."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**


The embarrassment of riches often shows up in the guise of poor relations.

# The Invisible Bride;

## *Or, The Mystery of a Night*

### *By T. C. Harbaugh*

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 11, March 12. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

SARA THORNTON'S STORY.

I WAS a week after the death of Glidden that I accidentally came face to face with Sara Thornton in one of the parks which I was crossing in my way downtown. The woman had avoided me, for I had made several calls at her home during the interval with the same result. Mrs. Thornton was "out" and the maid did not know when she would return. I was in hopes of getting a glimpse of Milly, the maid, if for nothing else but to assure her that she was forgiven the little indiscretion. She, I was confident, knew but little of the main mystery beyond what she had heard me tell the detective, but if she was in hiding in Mrs. Thornton's domicile I was not rewarded with a sight of her.

This time Sara Thornton could not elude me, and finding herself fairly caught, she made the best of the, to her, unpleasant situation and partially surrendered.

I wondered as I looked into her face, which was strangely white, if she knew of Madam Wray's whereabouts.

"I presume, Mr. Taverny," said she, striking out boldly as if she suspected what my first quiz would be, "you are still in the dark concerning the identity of the lady of the night of the third."

"Not quite so much so," I answered, watching her narrowly.

Then she suddenly broke off and remained silent.

"You remember," said I, "that you failed to introduce me to Mrs. Taverny at Madam Wray's dance."

Her gaze suddenly shifted from my face. "Are you still willing that there shall be no fencing between us?" I parried.

"I am, Mr. Taverny."

"Then what has become of madam?"

"What, don't you know?" she said, showing her pearly teeth. "Madam has gone to Europe."

I stared at her. Then she did not know the truth, for I doubted not that Madam Wray was still an inmate of the old house in Golden Alley if she had not been carried therefrom a corpse.

"When did madam sail?" I asked.

"She took passage on the 'Victoria.'"

"Alone?"

"No. She was accompanied." *

"By whom?"

"Come, Mr. Taverny. There should no longer be any concealment now that Madam Therese is out of the way. Where shall we go?"

I mentioned the "Delray," which was in the neighborhood of the park and we were soon, seated in its second floor parlor with the sunlight streaming in at the wide windows and touching the face of my companion. I reversed for her to proceed.

"It is not a long story," began the woman. "Ten years ago one of the richest men of another city died. He had been a good man in many ways, but he was eccentric. He left what even now is a great fortune. His family consisted of a daughter, and when he came to make his will he was under the influence of several people who were playing for some of his riches. The most important clause of the will and also the strangest, provided that his daughter should not inherited before she reached her twenty-first year.

"Eric Silvern, the testator, placed as guardian over his child a man who was as cold-blooded as a lizard. I shall not name this individual now, Mr. Taverny, for certain reasons. He was a man of great ability, secret, desperately calculating, and a ticket-of-leave man, who had done time in an English penal colony. After serving that he came across a woman whom he had heard of but had never seen. This member of my sex had been the high priestess of another, almost identical, scheme of English caris by a gigantic and subtle swindle. It is not strange that these two people should find something between them in common. They at once became partners in a scheme which should be perfected the moment they were released from durance.

"Time came when the duo of the genial prison were upon for both of them. The man escaped first and came to this country where he became the trusted friend and confidant of Eric Silvern. By and by the woman came also and with the funds which she had extracted from the pockets of her titled dupes she managed to set up a fashionable establishment here. Strange to relate, she had not heard of her companion's whereabouts beyond a name that the vessel which carried him home was lost at sea with all on board. What was her surprise then, when she was confronted by this man in her own house in the midst of the social season, from that moonlight she was in the hands of this personage. But let us go back."

Sara Thornton paused a moment and looked out of the window.

"The birthday of Eric Silvern's daughter approached again," she resumed. "The girl had grown into beautiful womanhood though she had passed the greater part of her life under cultured guidance. If she were not married before the attainment of her twenty-first birthday the bulk of her father's wealth would fall to an heir across the water, a man of no reputation and, if rumor was correct, a criminal. In order to carry out the intent of the will the man who had been made guardian of the daughter hit upon a most ingenious plan. The girl had no suitors; indeed she had been but little in the company of the opposite sex beyond her father and the butler. It was resolved to purchase a bridegroom. This was done for the purpose of keeping the wealth where the ex-convict as guardian of the girl could handle it. It was a scheme worthy of the man who had worn stripes under a tropical sun.

"The plan was faithfully carried out. But few were let into the secret. The victim was won over by cunning arguments, and blindly carried out the will of her astute master. Mr. Taverny," concluded Sara Thornton, looking me in the face, as her own grew a trifle paler, "that woman is your wife!"

Though I had anticipated such an ending to the woman's narrative I was startled when the announcement fell from her lips.

"Tell me, then, who was the girl found dead in Odeon Park," I exclaimed.

"Oh, you are barking back to that tragedy, are you? Well, I will tell you.

"I have been told that she resembled some one, doubtless my self, at the third."

She did. She was the counterfeit presentment of the woman I had married at sight unseen," answered Sara Thornton. "She turned up unexpectedly at No. 99 Holden street on the night before the wedding. The ex-convict was on guard. Had the daughter of Eric Silvern caught sight of her duplicate, if I may use these words, there might have been a scene at your wedding. The man on guard knew this, and the result was that the girl was found dead in the park. Even before the body of Eric Silvern contracted a marriage while in Prance with the cheek not yet cold. The girl who came to 99 Holden square the night before their marriage was the result of that union.

"Mr. Taverny," Sara Thornton proceeded, as her gaze wandered once more toward the street, "I will not be made your acquainted with all you should know now."

She rose and paced the room with her hands behind her. For a moment I regarded her in silence, not seeking to recall her from her deep reverie, but all at once I said:

"You know the murderer, Sara. The name of that man—the ex-convict—is no secret in your mind."

"I know!" she said coolly, turning suddenly upon me.

"And you shield him."

She did not reply.

"You know who the woman is who came from the land of reparation and set up her establishment in Golden Alley."

"I know!" she repeated in the same tones. "Then, in the name of justice, speak!" I cried I, rising and crossing over to her at the window. "You know how Glidden died——"

"Glidden!" she cried, falling back with a face that rivaled the dead man's. "Glidden—dead! I have been out of town. I came back but this morning. I know nothing about Glidden."

"He is dead—murdered," said I.

She caught her breath and reached out her hand to clutch my arm. It fell short of its mark and she reeled back.

"You have a heart, woman," I went on. "You and Glidden were friends. You have it in your power to strike a blow at vengeance, for the hand that slew the detective took the life of the girl who came to the nest in Holden square."

"Glidden killed—Glidden killed!" she asked, leaning toward me.

A downward stroke over the shoulder to the heart with a poinard-like weapon."

"The same fiendish fang!" I broke her thrust. "There is no mistake."

"How you know who killed Glidden?"

"I know!"

"And you will speak?"

"Not yet."

"Then cursed be your silence!" I exclaimed. "You would shield my life, thus rendering me unhappy by withholding the name of my bride and her confederate. You will shield the murderer of the girl and the detective. You will do all this. Madam Wray is your friend."

"What!" gasped the woman. "Not gone abroad? Not on the 'Victoria'?"

"Dead mayhap in Golden Alley."

She gave a quick cry and sprang toward the door.

"And you have not told me?" she cried.

Mrs. Sara Thornton expected that now the next moment I was the only occupant of the parlor. I heard her mad steps on the staircase and then all was silent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIERY STAIRCASE.

"When you have found Eric Silvern's daughter you have found your wife!"

I had left the house but a long while after the woman who had uttered them had vanished. The lights of the park seemed to swim mistily before my eyes, a confused babel of sounds came up from the street, but the question was quite as if I was the sole occupant of the room.

Sara Thornton had left the woman on the street, but she was not in sight.

Seeking not my lodgings, but the club, I went that moonlight night to the billiard room.

"I'm here yet," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned to meet Godfrey Jenks, the borrower.

"I thought you were going to sail on the 'Victoria' with your rich patron, Demayne."

"I thought so, too, Taverny, but the old fellow changed his mind at the last minute and I'm on the shoals yet."

"What happened to your his resolution?" I eagerly asked. "It must have been something of the utmost importance."

"It was."

"Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him for four days now. He's a queer old chap, rich as Croesus, but peculiar. Now he has one residence and now another. Once he had rooms at the Clarendon, but he suddenly gave them up and took others in another part of the city. He thought he would throw me off the track, Taverny, but I wasn't to be hood-

(Continued on page six.)

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No man in a padded cell realizes the soft place he has.

Second sight in the only cure for a case of love at first sight.

Selfish people expect a lot of credit for being self-sacrificing.

After burying the hatchet some men go out and dig up an ax.

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It's dead easy to convince a man that he is smarter than you are.

The man who earns the money isn't always the one who gets it.

Circus tumblers and baseball pitchers are not at their best when full.

Lots of men are as truthful as the late G. W. but they can't prove it.

The beauty of some women is enough to give a man painter's colic.

When common sense takes a vacation it is time to stand from under.

Perhaps a woman tells secrets because she is afraid of forgetting them.

The bride is given away at the altar, and occasionally the groom is sold.

It's better to be judged by your appearance than by your disappearance.

The woman whose face is her fortune is sure to go broke sooner or later.

Some women seem to be ashamed to eat real food in a public dining place.

If a man's acquaintances don't know that he is in love it's a sign that he isn't.

When it comes to kissing in the dark, a homely girl is just as good as a pretty one.

A fool and his money are soon parted, but it's different with a lazy boy and a warm bed.

A mule hitched to a buggy looks almost as unnatural as the picture on a magazine cover.

One of the surprising things in this old world is the ease with which some sinners make money.

It's always safe to reserve your congratulations until the pair have been married at least a year.

Do you know of any man who is trying to get rid of his wealth because it doesn't bring happiness?

Always tell the truth and the chances are that you will not be mistaken for a member of your State Legislature.

When a woman becomes so angry that she can't talk she begins to think she has acquired wonderful self-control.

(Continued from page five.)

winked in that manner. I just got busy and trailed him to the new place."

"And where was that, pray?"

"The last place where you'd look for a millionaire," grinned Jenks. "I tracked him into Golden Alley and saw my suspect taken for my officiousness."

"And he is there now?" I inquired.

"Can't say, but it is likely. I say, Taverny, there's some unread chapter in the life of Tracy Demayne."

"What makes you think so, Godron?"

"He's got a mighty big secret as if his whole life depends on it's remaining a secret."

"You've been balked whenever you attempted to unravel the skein, eh?"

"Yes, but I've been on the fringe of fortune once or twice. Taverny, do people who have led upright lives wear a brand between their shoulder blades?"

"Not usually," I replied. "Does Demayne?"

"He's got something like a mark there," was the answer. "I came upon him once at the hotel. He forgot to lock his bathroom and the moment he got up to wash he let fly a heavy brush, which would have knocked me in had I not minced. But I had seen the strange scar between the shoulders."

"What was it like?"

"It was the letter 'C.'"

"Strange," I, in turn, suppose, Mr. Demayne hasn't been as sociable as he was before."

"Why, I haven't seen him but once since then, and that's the time I tracked him into Golden Alley."

When Jenks had no more to impart I saw him move off with infinite pleasure, and he took myself once more toward the house where I had last seen Madam Wray.

There were symptoms of a change for the night had suddenly grown dark and the atmosphere full of promise of dampness.

What had become of Chrystal I did not know, and I had put out of my life Millie the maid, the fair Sara Thornton and the girl of Acorn Row.

The mouth of Golden Alley seemed to yawn for a victim, and I plunged into it. The old house, with its gloomy mystery, looked mysterious against the lighted heavens, and I slipped down the side way to the low door.

But I was destined to start before I could place my hand on the knob for a shape rose in the garden.

All at once my gaze fell upon a motionless figure near the fence, but partially screened by the shadow of a leaning tree, the only one in the garden.

Holding my breath I leaned forward for a better look and behold—Sara Thornton!

She had not seen me, and her whole attention seemed to be centered on the house itself. She stood perfectly still with her face just half revealed, and one of her hands concealed beneath the folds of her dark dress.

What she was doing there at that hour I could not contrive, though I believed that it had something to do with the part of Tracy I was trying to solve.

Without having seen me, she moved at last, going toward the house itself where she laid her hand on the latch of the little door.

I could scarcely follow her movements now, since she had lost herself out of the little light that pervaded the scene, but I was convinced that she intended to enter the house itself.

All at once she fell back till I could once more catch her and resumed her statuesque poise.

The door of the house opened. Sara Thornton, in the shadow of the solitary tree, did not move. A human figure came partly out of the premises and then drew back. I thought I heard a word of disappointment in the watcher's eyes.

Presently the figure came out again as if the coast had been clear. It passed. Sara Thornton so close that she might have touched it by putting out her hand.

How eagerly this strange, yet beautiful woman eyed the person! Was it Millie, a common individual as he moved forward, opening a narrow gate which let him into the by-alley. At once I thought she would follow him, but she let him go and he passed close to my person.

When I looked at Sara Thornton again she had gone forward to the little door.

This time she threw a cautious glance around ere she pressed the latch and pulled the door open. In another moment she had passed into the house.

The door closed behind her without noise. She was gone, and I was the puzzled spectator of her mysterious act.

I felt that beyond the door of that house lay the solution of the mystery of my wedding night.

For a moment I hesitated, then I scaled the fence and landed in the garden.

But at that moment, and just as my hand found the latch, I heard a voice in my ear, and a man rose from the only clump of weeds in the garden.

To my dismay it was the irrepressible Jenks.

"Why didn't you follow him?" blurted the fellow.

"Follow whom?" I asked, looking him in the face and mentally cursing him for his unwarranted interference at that time.

"Why, the man who just came out of the house," was the reply. "That was Tracy Demayne."

"Are you sure?"

"Never more of anything in my life. Don't I know his peculiar gait?"

"Why didn't you follow him?" I exclaimed.

"Because there's something just as interesting here," was the answer. "The woman who just went in."

"Did you know her?"

"Who doesn't?" smiled Jenks. "That's Sara Thornton, the woman who takes more than a passing interest in Demayne's affairs. I've seen her before."

"Well?"

"I'm going to see what lay she's working," he continued. "Ten chances to one that she didn't consider Tracy Demayne in his little make-up. You're going in to investigate, eh, Taverny?"

"I prefer to do my investigating alone," I said curtly. "If necessary I'll report at the club in an hour."

"Not on your life! I've got a little interest in Tracy Demayne's affairs myself. We will see what Sara is going to do in this house."

"I will see," and I pushed him back.

For once in his life, at least, Godron Jenks showed his teeth viciously and resisted. Thinking that I had gotten clear of the interferer, I advanced once more and pushed the door open, but did not look back to see what had become of him.

The next moment, and just as I was in the act of closing the door on him, a bright light flashed across the hall, came from above, and the next instant the whole stairway, which I could now perceive, was revealed.

"It's fire!" cried a voice behind me.

I did not wait to see Jenks, who undoubtedly had entered after me, but darted forward.

It was fire!

The entire staircase was a sheet of flame, which was growing each moment.

"My God!" shrilled the voice of Godron Jenks.

He had seen that which at that terrible moment had caught my own eyes. There was a break in the flames which were eating up the staircase, and I paused with a shudder which rendered me speechless, for at the top, her face terribly white and ghastly, stood Sara Thornton with the form of Chrystal in her arms!

## CHAPTER XIX.
### MADAM WRAY SPEAKS.

Hard upon the sight which burst from the blazing staircase came a thrilling cry behind me, and I knew that Jenks had fled and that I was alone to confront the fiery horror.

For a moment I stood horror-stricken and then—the figures on the staircase vanished.

What had become of Sara Thornton and Chrystal I did not know.

Almost at the same instant the burning stairway fell with a crash, sending up high the flames, leaping higher for a minute, and suddenly all was flame darkness.

This state of affairs did not continue long, for the blinding light burst forth once more and I fell back, certain that the house in Golden Alley was doomed.

As I passed rapidly into the back yard I looked up and saw that flames were leaping from the second story, licking the brick wall on against the sky, and the alarm had been given.

More than horrified and not wishing to be found in the vicinity of the fire, I hurried away, turning into the main alley without being perceived by those first on the scene.

I could not remain on the terrible spot. That it was the last of Sara Thornton and Chrystal, I verily believed, and with thoughts which are indescribable lending speed to my limbs, I darted off.

The terror haunted me all the way back to Misery Row, and I could not tear from my thoughts the sight which I had been forced to witness.

Suddenly there came a rapping on my door and I jerked it open.

Who should face me but Madam Wray! She little resembled the woman whom I had been bedizened with jewels but a few days before. Her entire garments had been discarded and her pallid face—the same I had seen in the house in Golden Alley—seemed within the last few hours to have ten years of life added to it.

She stepped in the threshold and gave me a searching look.

At last she moved forward and dropped into the chair near the table while I leaned against the edge of it and looked down into her face.

"I have come to you, Mr. Taverny," she began, and stopped as if she had suddenly caught herself on forbidden ground.

"I am listening, madam," I responded and then waited for her to proceed.

Instead of resuming she again looked me in the eye and leaned forward with an expression of pity.

"You haven't found your bride yet?" came from her scarcely moving lips.

"I am still in the dark and must continue so unless you reveal the truth."

She paused for half a minute, her eyes, and, rising suddenly, began to pace the room.

"The truth, is it?" she said. "The truth, you say. Do you want it? Would it not be best if you were left forever in the dark?"

"No. Let what will come, no matter who is struck by it," said I. "I am convinced that Sara Thornton is not my wife."

"What did she say?" cried Madam Wray. "What did that woman tell you?"

"She talked about Tracy Demayne."

The woman started violently.

"Yes, and she spoke of two ticket-of-leave people."

She went quite white again. In a moment her hand was clutching my arm.

"Did—she—mention—names?" she almost gasped.

"Sara knows," I answered evasively.

Madam Wray did not speak, but sat staring at me with eyes which seemed to rend the innermost recesses of my soul.

"Then I need not speak," she said at last. "And unless you can clear up some of the darkness which Sara Thornton has left in my pathway. You know about the ticket-of-leave people?"

"I do," and the words seemed to be dragged from me by the pincers of truth, damning truth. "I know, for I am the woman."

"And you know Eric Silvern?"

"Yes."

"And Tracy Demayne?"

Her head sank upon her bosom in an affrighted way.

"Mr. Taverny, listen," she burst forth. "You saw me in the house in Golden Alley. I thought we were never to meet again in this world. I am Louise De-mayne—"

"His wife?"


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"The wife of Tracy Demayne. We were married in the penal colony. I thought him dead when I came away from that torture land, for it was reported that the ship which carried him was lost with all hands and passengers. When I came to America I found him hand-in-glove with Eric Silvern, though that was not the name he sailed under. When Eric Silvern, who had but one child—a daughter—came near the grave he made a singular will—"

"In which he said that if his child were not wedded before a certain date his property should be diverted from her."

"I see. Sara Thornton knew that, eh?"

"Yes."

"That child was married on the night before she reached the age specified in her father's will," continued Madam Wray. "She was married without knowing who the bridegroom was. And the bridegroom was bought with a price."

"I did not speak."

"Tracy Demayne must have had some mesmeric influence over both Eric Silvern and the daughter. The man who married her got a good sum for his connivance with the terms, and she inherited her father's thousands. Was there ever such a plot in this world of plots?"

"And what was your share of the spoil?" I asked.

"Mine?" she laughed. "Mine? He got it all. He will eventually get the last penny of that young girl's estate."

I thought of the fiery staircase and leaned toward the woman.

"Eric Silvern," said I, "has no heir."

Once more the woman was on her feet, and her eyes were glaring at me incredulously.

"No heir?" she exclaimed. "What has become of your bride, Miles Traverny?"

"You must ask the fire-fiend which licked up the house in Golden Alley."

"It is false, it must be!" she cried. "This is not the retribution which ought to overtake the murderer of Silvern's heir. That existing will," she went on half under her breath.

"Chrystal was doomed when the burning staircase fell," said I.

"Tell me."

She settled back in the chair and listened to my adventures in Golden Alley.

At the conclusion of my narrative she remained silent for a moment and then went toward the door.

"I pity you, Miles Taverny," she said in a hard, cold voice. "But isn't justice? You were bought with a price."

"But," cried I, as I writhed under the arrow of sarcasm, "I intended to consummate that marriage. I love Chrystal. I——"

"It is too late! If what you have told me is true. The holy bonds have been riven by fire."

"Yes."

"But for you the young girl might be living now. I pity you, Miles Taverny, from the bottom of my seared heart."

With that she grasped the knob and looked back into my face.

"Where is the bride to which we lie," she went on. "I have made mine. Tracy Demayne is the one—the only one—left now for punishment. I never saw him after our return from the accursed penal isle till he appeared at the last moment, unbridled. I fainted and they called it heart trouble. How close a mirror of human sin sometimes simply saw my convict husband and swooned."

Once more she laughed bitterly and opened the door.

"Where is Tracy Demayne so-called?" I cried.

She came back to the table, and, catching up a pen, scribbled an address upon a pad lying there and tore down the leaf.

In another moment she was once more at the door and I caught her eye for the last time.

On the stair I heard her footfalls for a brief space of time and then the opening and closing of a door on the lower floor.

She was gone—had gone out of my life, this strange woman from the land of retribution where evil-doers expiate their crimes under a burning Australian sun.

I glanced down at the writing on the pad and instantly caught it up.

Rafil was pattering like mad against the windows, but this did not deter me. In a flood had dashed against the panes I would have gone straight to the door which the hand of Madam Wray had left for my inspection.

It was a fearsome ride, halfway across the city in a taxicab under the electric globes and through the pelting storm. The taxicab at last turned into a narrow street and drew to the gutter. I had reached my destination.

Into a hallway I dashed, without knocking, and mounted up a stair as if an avenging hand was guiding me. There was a door on my right at the short corridor above. I wrenched the knob and pulled the door open.

A sharp cry greeted me as I went forward, and, looking straight ahead, I knew that once more I stood face to face with Tracy Demayne, the man who had paid me ten thousand dollars to marry the unseen bride.

CHAPTER XX.

LIGHT FROM DARKNESS.

The arch plotter, the man from penal land, sat in an arm-chair before an old-fashioned table upon which stood, at his elbow, a bottle and a glass.

He started upon seeing me, but his countenance suddenly resumed its immobility as if he had perfect control over himself. I closed the door behind me and advanced. That I startled him was evident, for indeed, the man who had slain the girl found in Odeon Park, and Glidden, the detective, there was no room for doubt in my mind. And yet he could look at me with the coolness of a brazen face.

"I'm glad you've come," he began with the semblance of a smile at the corners of his finely-chiseled lips.

I remembered what Jenks had told me—that there was between his shoulders a branded "C," the mark of the convict, which he was destined to carry to his grave.

"I have come," said I, watching him, "whether it gives you pleasure or not."

"To ask questions, eh? Remember the compact of the third," he grinned maliciously.

"To the four winds with the compact!" I exclaimed. "I own it not any more."

He reached out and drew the half-filled glass toward him, all the while taking a study of my face.

"You got your ten thousand, didn't you, Miles Taverny?" he asked.

"Yes, the accursed money!" I cried. "It shall be yours again for the asking."

"But I want it not."

"Then let me tell you, Tracy Demayne, ex-convict, the husband of Madam Wray, the architect of fire-fiend's handiwork, the assassin of Homer Glidden, who was on your trail!"

What could I not hurl at this merciless wretch, and as the words of bitter accusation rushed from my lips I leaned forward to see how he would receive the assault.

He started, then he sprang to his feet and sprang from his chair and rush upon me. I braced myself for the attack, for vengeance had driven me mad, and I cared not what I instead he did not stir and his face went red and white by turns.

"Poor fool!" he said at last in mock sympathy, and his voice carried like a piercing spear, which only maddened me still more. "So you have repented of your bargain?"

"No, if you consider me the unwilling bride of the night of the third, I would be willing to go on with the ceremony when hands are red with the blood of the innocent."

"How excruciatingly clever," he said, laughing aloud. "Truly, you would make a model husband."

"My wife! my wife!" and I was at his side and my hand fell upon his shoulder which I clutched in my iris. "I have seen terrible sights this night—the blazing stairway, the man who stole out of the house in Golden Alley just before the fire demon sprang to his work, the woman who stood at the top of the staircase framed in fire—I say I have seen all these things and—"

I paused. Should I tell him of my recent interview with Madam Wray? Perhaps that would bring him to his feet and give me a chance to avenge the dead.

"So," he laughed, "you want your wife? Well, I hardly blame you."

He raised the glass to his lips and drained it.

"Now, we will talk, Mr. Taverny," he went on, his voice calm and cold, as his face had went white again behind the last word. "Now, sir, we will talk of the bride."

His hand executed a gesture toward a chair, but I did not occupy it.

"I have half a mind to offer you some of the devil's elixir," he proceeded, glancing at the bottle on the table. "But no, you are too young yet. Fate may yet be kind to you, Miles Taverny. As for me, it has reached the limit. This," he held up the empty glass before my eyes, "this innocent looking object would throw a chemist into ecstacies. He would find in the lees before me the most subtle death agent ever devised by the devilish brain of our race, no, I will not say our race, but mankind which I have just drank was brewed in the Australian bush, and kills within a few minutes after taking."

I felt my blood course thrillingly and cold as ice through my veins, but still I held my gaze at the wretch, who, if he spoke truly, would thus cheat the hangman's gain of human justice.

"Your wife," he resumed, "knows not where she wedded the night of the third; it was a clever ploy, and yet I was carrying out the last will and testament of Eric Silvern. Strange, you say? There are many strange things in this world. So you were in the house in Golden Alley when it fell into ashes of fire from hell. You missed me at the 'Clarendon' when you went up to room 146. It was the thin of a hair's breadth, for I had just gone when you came. Perhaps that was lucky for both of us. You must have fired the trail that led to Golden Alley. This shows that, with some training, you would make a good detective."

"Whom you killed!"

"Yes. Why deny it, Miles Taverny? If you were charged by a bloodhound, human or otherwise, wouldn't you turn upon the beast? And you would, I see it in your fiendish or ingenious——"

"Your wife—the woman whom you married in convict land——" I began anew, when he suddenly struck his hand.

"There!" he broke in. "We won't discuss Madam just yet. I have no time for side issues. Let us get back to the matter in working."

"I know that Madam Wray is your wife, branded, no doubt, like yourself—between the shoulders."

He nodded with a smile, which vanished almost as soon as it appeared.

"I have come to settle one," he continued. "She will surely come before I depart."

I had sunk down and looked into his face. Whom was he waiting for?

He had thrown his head back rested on the edge of the table slid from it and dropped at his side. At the same moment his lips quivered and from them came a groan.

"It's not quite here yet," he said, reading my thoughts. "I can nearly gauge the working of the draught exactly, but almost. I feel the cold hand approaching my heart. She will come first."

His words, coolly spoken, drove my anger from my thoughts.

At that moment I heard beyond the door the sound of footsteps.

He heard it, too, for he turned his head a little and fixed his gaze on the door. All at once his head fell back as he vainly clutched at the table, and I was at his side.

"She's coming!" he cried. "She's just out yonder."

"Who is out there, in the hall?"

"Ah, don't you know?"

"Tell me!"

"Your wife!" Tracy Demayne cried with an effort, "your wife, Miles Taverny!"

I was looking toward the door toward the door. A figure darkened it and Tracy Demayne cried out again:

"Your bride—Miles Taverny!"

Like a startling eye, for Sara Thornton stood before me.

"No, not that woman!" I exclaimed.

Sara Thornton stood in front of the tableau displayed for her inspection.

"What have you done?" she cried, shooting me out as her face went deadly pale.

"He called you his bride of the third."

A smile brightened for a moment the face of Sara Thornton and then passed.

"No, Mr. Taverny," she said. "But, Tracy Demayne——"

She was at the table in a moment; her face almost touched the one framed by the dark trimmings of the chair.

"He is not yet gone!" she cried, bounding up suddenly and darting into the corridor. I

(Continued on page fifteen.)


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Our 1910 Book—Newer Styles—Lower Prices

**SEND NO MONEY—NO STAMPS** Simply mail us the coupon printed below. Or write us a postal, if you prefer. We will then mail you this great book, more fresh from the presses, picturing more than 3,000 new-style things for the home. A part of the thickness and size of actual article. This book shows a greater variety of Furniture, Carpets and Housefurnishings than is shown in any retail store in Chicago. On each article it quotes a price lower than you ever saw. It shows the newest conditions in furniture, draperies, etc. And it offers you credit on everything. Have whatever you want, at our lowest cash prices, and pay us a little each month.

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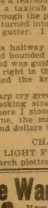


If you are a wide awake hustler and want to start in a business of your own, I take orders for our celebrated tailoring clothing. We have the finest and most profitable proposition ever offered, and will be glad to back up the right man with our capital and help him to a handsome income. Any man who will not hire a handsome salary will not hire a handsome salary will not hire a handsome salary

### HUBBY'S SPECIALTY.

My wife sure has me faded
When it comes to talk;
But when it comes to listening
I've got her beat a block.

### FREE SCHOLARSHIPS FOR EVERYBODY

No. 63281428, N. Y., April 7, 1910.—The Directors of Franklin Institute today voted to prepare candidates for the next Railway Mail Clerk Examinations free of charge. A postal containing the applicant's name, address and Dept. R 27, is sufficient application.

### Glad He Went.

"There was a thunder of applause when I left the stage."

"Served you right. You shouldn't stay on so long."

### Bitten.

Hiram Hardapple—Ha! Ha! Poor old Silas Weatherby got stung again. He saw an ad in a magazine that stated for 50 cents they'd send him one of the finest profiles of Lincoln ever designed.

Zeke Crawford—And did Silas bite?

Hiram Hardapple—Yes, he sent the 50 cents and they sent him one of them thar new Lincoln pennies.

### Not Any Sometimes.

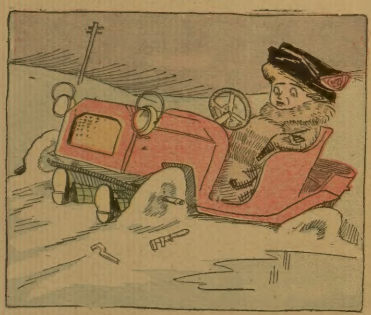
"You should not always be knocking people."

"I'm not; I'm merely telling the truth about them."

"Well, what's the difference?"

# TICKLISH

## SO SELFISH.



Mrs. N. Peck—Henry, I wonder if you suspect that it's cold up here? Of course, so long as you are nice and warm nothing else matters. I should think you might come out and push the car till we reach a farmhouse.

### Far From Encouraging.

"Well," said the leading man as he appeared behind the scenes at the drop of the curtain, "how did the new play take?"

"Sentiment is somewhat divided," responded the manager. "One-half of the audience is outside talking about the execution of the play."

"And the other half?"

"Oh, they are on the inside talking about the execution of the actors."


### FREE DEAFNESS TREATMENT.

A scientific institution makes this remarkable offer to send free medicine to prove their ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh by a new method. Address Dr. Brenneman Remedy Co., 1256 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.


### Gave Pop Away.

Teacher—How many quarts in a gallon?

Tommy—Three.

Teacher—Oh! no; you mean four.

Tommy—No; three. I guess I ought to know. Father is a milkman.


### Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless home remedy that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering wife who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hedlett South Bend, Indiana.


### Optimistic.

Dusty Dennis—Gee, pard, didn't it worry you when dat constable said he was going to investigate you?

Sandy Pikes—Naw! All great men are investigated dese days.


### J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take Ferrol Pills. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by the originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (5)


### The Advantage of Experience.

She (with a pout)—A man always treats his second wife better.

He (thinkily)—After a man has once got rid of a balky horse he uses more intelligence in picking out another.

### THE FLIRT.

I asked her if there was a vacant spot
In her heart and I do declare
She took my hope right on the dot
When she gave me a vacant stare.

### That's What He Did.

Bacon—Everybody is talking about a man out West who slept for three weeks.

Egbert—Woke up and found himself famous?


# AGENTS WANTED

## MAKE MONEY EASY.

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalog. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits; quick sellers; over 1000 varieties; lifetime territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors and the quickest sellers for lady agents. Monogram initials and the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 839 BAR STREET, CANTON, O.


### The Diagnosis.

Hodge—Muddy poured vinegar instead of syrup on his cakes at breakfast this morning.

Dodge—What did he say when he discovered his mistake?

Hodge—Not a word. In fact, he didn't seem to notice the difference.

Dodge—Poor fellow! I wonder who the girl is?

### A Good Opinion of Herself.

Husband—How conceited you are, Effie! You're always looking at yourself in the glass.

Wife—I'm not. I am not. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am.

### The Point of View.

Average Woman—What? Not going to church today?

Average Man—What's the use? Our new preacher is so near-sighted he can't tell whether we're there or not.

### Brother's Opinion.

"I'm going to marry your sister, Johnny, and take her far away. What do you think of that?"

"I guess I can stand it if you can."

### A Shrewd Fellow.

"You say he is a financial genius?"

"He is. He frequently talks his wife into letting him spend some of the money he makes."

### Up to Date.

Clara—How did Mr. Ruyters Kramp take your refusal to his proposal?

Carrie—In shorthand; he's going to use it in his new story.

### Both Bad Enough.

"I don't know which is the worse," remarked the man who seemed to be thinking aloud.

"Speaking of what?" queried the party who had a touch of the rubber habit.

"A joke one can't see the point of or a point one can't see the joke of," answered the noisy thinker.

### Great.

Stranger—Where can I get a good drink of rye, my son?

Tim—Right over dere dey sells de movin' picture brand. After yer drink it yer sees movin' pictures widout payin' a nickel extra.

### A Slow Train.

Brakeman (on Southern railroad)—Passengers is not allowed on th' platforms, sir, when th' train is in motion.

Passenger—Beg pardon; I will go in. I did not notice that the train was in motion.

### No Need of Haste.

Anxious Citizen (in danger of losing a train)—Why don't you go faster, instead of dragging along this way?

Street Car Motorman—Wot's th' use? I can't quit till eight o'clock, anyhow.

### Only Kind Left.

"Fairies and salads seem to be a thing of the past," remarked the sentimental traveler.

"Yes," rejoined the hardware drummer, as he gazed from the car at a W. C. T. U. poster on a dead wall, "but the dry ads are still with us."

### Scared.

Matchett—Why did Charles quit calling on Miss Waite?

Wallmaner—Her mother put up on the parlor door a sign that read: "No Admittance Except on Business."


### TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

**Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.**

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has directed his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 320 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.


## COMFORTING.

He—You are the first and only girl I ever loved, Ethel!

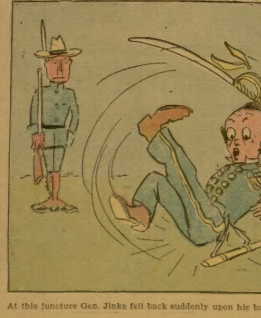
She—My, Reggy! What a lot of fun you have ahead of you!

### Different. Now.

Stern Parent—When I was your age, young man, I was accumulating money of my own instead of begging it from my old father.

Graceless Son—Well, I'll take your word for it, dad. It was easier to unload gold bricks those days than it is now.

## FROM REPORT OF THE ARMY MANEUVERS.



At this juncture Gen. Jinks fell back suddenly upon his base.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The well known Pierce Co. of Buffalo, is advertising its business by giving away free of charge copies of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." This famous book has 1,008 pages with engravings and color plates and the copies of the new revised edition that are given away are bound in cloth. This book treats of Anatomy, Hygiene, Medicine, Surgery, Nursing and every family ought to grasp this opportunity to get a copy free by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce at the address given in the advertisement on page 14 of this paper.


### Making Progress.

Weigler—How is your son, the young surgeon, getting on?

Gaussler—First rate. He's improving every day. He recently operated on his tenth patient and the man lived for nearly twenty hours.


### LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful color to the face and neutralizes the change produced in its condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send 50 cents for one box for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 631, Hainesville, Fla.


### Almost.

"It's wonderful how these Italian women can carry so much around on their heads, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. They almost equal their American sisters."

### Reason Enough.

"Whom was she wearing black for—her last husband?"

"No, for her next. She looks so stunning in it."

### Considerate.

Smart—I called on Miss De Vere last night.

Dashley—What? I thought her father told you never to darken his door?

Smart—He did, so I climbed in the parlor window.

### His Specialty.

"I don't believe you would work if you had the opportunity," scoffed the industrious housewife.

"Dats where you do me an injustice, mum," sniffed Sandy Pinck, as he wiped away a tear. "For ten long years I've been trying to get an open-work job in a drug store."

"An open-work job in a drug store? What kind of a job is that?"

"Why, cutting holes in porous plasters, mum."

### Real Solomon.

Gunner—Bright judge over in that police court.

Guyer—What's his latest?

Gunner—Family quarrel. Husband said the cause of the difference was the fact that his trousers were threadbare and his wife refused to mend them.

Guyer—Hm! What did the wife say?

Gunner—She didn't get the chance to say anything. The judge told her to go home and patch up the difference.

### A Criticism.

Knox—I saw Nuritch looking at one of your paintings the other day.

Dauber—Ah! I'm glad of that. He intimated to me that he might have something for me to do—

Knox—Yes, while he was looking at it he told me he had intended to let you paint his back fence, but he didn't think he would now.

### Tommy's Excuse.

"Tommy," exclaimed his mother as she caught him red-handed in the pantry, "what are you doing in my jam pots?"

"Didn't you say I could play detective, ma?" whispered Tommy.

"Yes, but what are you doing in my jam pots?"

"Making some thumb impressions, that's all, ma, honest."

### A HUMAN RAIL.

There was a man in Henderson
Who had a tail and slenderson,
A human rail,
Who used a nail
To fasten his suspenderson.

### Slow Farming.

"It says here that the Government is going to encourage snail farming," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he opened his weekly paper in the country store.

"Give me the paper, Hezekiah," hastened the farmer who had just come in with a basket of eggs.

"What do you want with it, Jason?"

"Hy cricky, I want to show it to my hired man and let him apply for a job on one of them snail farms."

"Snacks! An ordinary hired man wouldn't be any use on a snail farm. The blamed critters would run over him."

### What Polly Wanted.

Lady (in bird store)—Pretty Polly! Does Polly want a cracker?

Polly (late of Boston)—Oh, slush! Got any cold beans?

### Worse Yet.

She—Young Blank isn't the fool he looks to be.

He—No; he's more so.

## COOL, BUT UNCALCULATED.

Guinevere—In mercy's name, Lancelot, stop where you are!

### Healthy, Too.

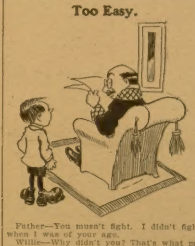
Gunner—The idea of that professor's saying we should boycott meat by living on peanuts. It is preposterous.

Guyer—Oh, I don't know. I have heard of babies living on peanuts and thriving.

Gunner—To the woods! What kind of babies?

Guyer—Why, baby elephants.

### Too Easy.



Father—You mustn't fight. I didn't fight when I was of your age.

Willie—Why didn't you? That's what ma says is the matter with you now.

### Cruelty to Animals.

Mrs. A.—I do love lobster, but I never have them at home, because it seems so inhuman to kill them by cutting them in a kettle of boiling water.

Mrs. B.—Dreadful! I never kill them that way. It would be too horrible. I always put them on in cold water and let them come to a boil.

### A Bright Idea.

Husband—Have you done your best to economize this month, Mazy, as I requested?

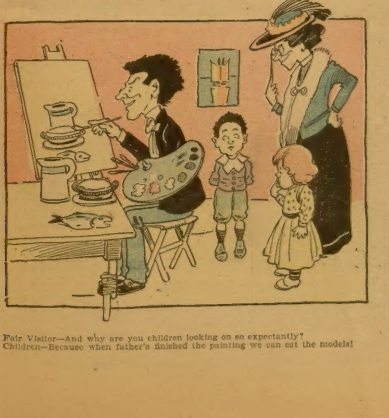
Wife—Oh, yes; I spoke to the grocer, the butcher, and the landlord, and got them to put off presenting their bills until next month.

### Premature.

First Broker—Did you manage to sell all the mining stock you had?

Second Broker—Yes! Sold it all before the mine was found.

## FOOD FOR REFLECTION.



Fair Visitor—And why are you children looking on so expectantly?

Children—Because when father's finished the painting we can eat the models!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DON'T PASS IT!
You can sell our Tube Rose Goods, Stocks, Name Boards, Initials, Signs, etc., all by mail anywhere. Every purchaser could a good. Free trial order—no deposit. Biggest commissions. Exclusive territory. Write today for Free Outfit No. 193 and Special.
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AGENTS wanted to sell Notion Hooks, $5 hour; 200 ballots free 50c. Write F. Heitzer, Columbus, O.

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AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Experience Unnecessary. Perfume Proof, Hennessy Agency Co., 205, Station F, New York

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A.

$5 a Day Easily Made Selling GLASSES Coulter Optical Co. Chicago

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pictures, Stereoscopes, Views, Stereographs, Art Goods and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4153, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

MEN WANTED QUICKLY By big Chicago mail order house to sell mail order catalogue, advertise, fill weekly, liberal expense allowance. MANAGER, 1210 State Street, Chicago.

AGENTS: 100% PROFIT. Monkey Wrench Pliers. Fourteen other tools in one handle. Most wonderful combination of tools ever invented. Sells on sight. Write for terms and sample offer. Vonder Co., 2, Racine, Wis.

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New Household Novelties. 200 Proven winners. A cent's worth (men or women) for penny or whole time. Could sell themselves—one sale means many more. Write quick for our Big Free Agents' Outfit offer. Ideal Remedy Supply & Mfg. Co., 202 Riverside St., Davenport, Iowa

$25.00 A DAY. New invention. Large profits. Agents wanted. Both or eight hours a day. Permanent work. Free outfit to workers.
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"But you—you—you will not desert us?" he stammered.

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"I have felt," added Ingenhouse, with an appearance of candor, "that this should be settled amicably. As you say, the power is with you. For one, I advise that all contention be dropped."

I turned to Opsomer.

"You hear sir," I purr-ued. "Now, then, what is your decision?"

He looked at me for a moment, and then his head slowly fell forward. The fire of hostility was gone from his face and manner, and he seemed like one crushed by adversity.

"I have tried to do my duty, and no more," he said brokenly. "All has been according to the prophecy of Vanderdecken the Great —and I am the unfaithful. Providence has willed that I fail. I'll resist no more. The boat shall go away."

The craft that would have trapped us had been resting on the ours. The order was given at once, and the crew pulled slowly back to the place from which they had come.

"That," continued Opsomer, "is my last order as an officer of this land. Here and now I resign. Mynheer Ingenhouse, you and Vanderdecken are the only remaining rulers. Arrange things as you will. As for me, I submit, but will act no forward part."

At the last word the prisoners walked away, his head low and his steps uncertain. Clearly the man was broken, and as him I turned to Ingenhouse and detected an eager light in that gentleman's eye.

"Mynheer," I asked, "will you go to my ship and confer with Vanderdecken and the others?"

"Gladly!" he replied, and with quickness. "I have the right to be present at the council as he is the archivist, but—the power is with you." He glued at me and Mynheer Vanderdecken and arrange things quickly for departure."

He came to the water's edge and we took him into the boat. After that we put off for the Cousin Polly. I was mild and patient, though not unduly humble, and I felt that the struggle was past. On the way I talked with him amicably as possible, and nothing occurred to cause any resentment. For one, I could afford to be lenient.

Reaching the ship, I took my guest to the cabin, and there we talked with Vanderdecken. Nothing was said about old or recent difficulties. Every word was addressed to the paramount issue, namely, the departure from South Amsterdam. Ingenhouse stated that he generally would be none, and ashore that their few valuable goods could be saved before the fateful end all of their party be in the ship, ready for departure by the morning of day. Accordingly it was agreed that boats should begin to ply at once, and that he should go ashore to superintend the transfer.

We presently accompanied him to the deck.

"Mynheer," I then said, "what do you know about another large vessel, a schooner that has been in these waters?"

"Another vessel!" he repeated in surprise. "Of none. I have given no orders, and none has been reported to me."

"Not of any kind in the village?"

"Yes. That is, all but Tony Mossett and his fellow pirates. We know nothing about them—nor, rather, I know nothing. Perhaps Mynheer Opsoomer does."

I did not answer the point, but it left me freshly perplexed. Who were the men who had manned the Mary of Salem, handling her as well as even the Dutch could?

I dropped the subject, and Ingenhouse went down the companion ladder into the boat and was rowed toward the bay. While I was watching, a hand was laid upon my arm. I returned quickly and saw Gretchen.

"...pain," she said, "will you look at the vessel over in my bay has it been so before. Can it be that its activity is renewed, and that this exile land is to have the fate of Vanderdecken the Great?"

I looked as she directed. Truly, a great change had come upon the far-away volcano. Its light was no longer a mere blotch of whitish yellow on the horizon, but a tall column of fire mounting into the heavens, flushing upward with intensity every moment. It seemed as if the ... were expending its anger upon the earth to prove to the world's doubt destroying lava ... being belched forth, but only the sea ... to feel the hot touch.

"Even if it were," I replied, "I think nobody cares to ..."

Gretchen trust, responded, "But I am wondering if should our fields again be fertile as ever with warmth, another party of castaways will ever come here to enjoy the strange land."

I think they will come willingly."

"It is so, yet, as we prepare to go, I feel heavy at heart. Never we said we shall leave the only home I have known. I am sad that I ever left—that I have been born!"

I talked to her for some time, but we were not long kept waiting for manifestations of departure. Boats were being loaded with the few household goods that were to be saved, and I was instructed that the sooner carried the only reluctant mind aboard the better.

With the hope of departure before us, I took heed again to the fact that, since Captain Roper ordered the Polly abandoned, I had been unable to find any of the ship's company, or any other persons in the binnacle. I should want to take frequent observations, and sextant and quadrant were needed. Once more I searched, and finally I located them in the steward's pantry, where they had evidently been placed and forgotten. Having them, I took the sun observation.

Goods and people were coming on board, and I presented Tony Mossett and his misguided comrades. Seeing Opsoomer, I let him know that I was aware of his past connection with Tony, and he finally went to pirates' cave. He found the place described.

Also, to make sure our eyes had not deceived us when we thought we saw the Mary of Salem afloat, I sent Jerry to the cove where we had previously made the schooner fast. As we expected, the cove was empty, and Jerry found nothing to explain the disappearance of the craft, nor who composed her present crew.

Meanwhile, the work of loading had been going on steadily. First the goods were conveyed to the Polly and duly stored, and then the people came off. It was nearly twilight when all was done, and, at Vanderdecken's request, a small party went ashore to take a final look at the village. When they returned both lawgiver and watchers bore signs of weeping. Why not? Glad as they were to go it was not easy to desert forever the land of their birth—the land where Vanderdecken the Great had established, early in the century before, a shipwrecked mariner.

With everything done we hove up the anchor and set our sails, and we were just getting the first signs of steerageway when Bijah called out words that thrilled me thus:

"Sail, ho!"

I was too much amazed to give the customary answer, but, spreading my glass to windward, I saw a jaunty schooner under full sail, flying our way.

"The Mary of Salem!" exclaimed Jerry Whitebone.

"Look sharp there, captain!" added Bijah. "Her decks are crowded, and it looks to me as if the cutlass is in use."

He stopped short. There was a puff of smoke at the schooner's bow, and a cannon ball came sailing our way. The Mary was fast overhauling us, and we were under fire.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RAIN OF FIRE.

The situation was alarming, and the more so because, though the Cousin Polly was now fully under steerageway, she had not gained her full speed and she would not for evening up to the hand over fist. Previously, none of our party had suspected a cannon was aboard the Mary, but many in her having been brief and at night, but the big gun was there, and a well-directed shot would cripple us. Worse yet, she had only to continue firing and that calamity would be certain.

The opening gun was harmless, the ball skimming the swell fifty fathoms distant, but I sent the women and children below and then took up my burden. How was the Polly to be saved?

We had directed our bows to the north, but it would never do to hold that course. If we were saved we must sail due east, trusting to our heels to outfoot the enemy.

(Continued on page fifteen.)


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the burros that had been picketed in an open glade in the valley were gone! He stopped, stunned and bewildered. He was now more than ever convinced that his conjectures respecting the Apaches were correct. They were probably lurking near, and ready to fall upon him on sight.

He felt that it was useless to prolong his search in the valley. He would return to camp at once. He had a vague hope that when he should return he would find his missing companions awaiting him.

Realizing that a foe might be lurking near, however, he used the same caution on his return that he had practiced in his search through the valley.

The fire had completely burned out when he reached camp, and he groped his way to the spot, his heart heavy with the discovery that neither of his friends had returned during his absence.

He stood listening in silence for some moments, fearing lest the foe might be near, but there was no sign of life about the place.

Gathering some dry fagots, he threw them in a heap where the fire had been and lighted them. The flame leaped up, shedding a bright glow about him.

Glancing quickly about, he started in utter amazement. The bags containing the ore were gone! That was not all. Some of the bags in which the provisions were carried had also disappeared.

Frank's heart sank within him. Who had done this? He was too bewildered to think of any rational answer to the question. Some devil's own jugglery was at work in the valley. It seemed like a miracle that he himself had escaped it.

He examined the earth about the camp, but there were so many tracks about it—those made by his friends and himself that it was impossible to try to distinguish them from those made by the unknown visitors in the uncertain light of the fire.

The situation was grave—alarming. He was alone, in a strange country, surrounded by dangers which he could only guess. But he did not allow himself to be cast down. He realized that the situation called for action—resolute action, and at once.

As he glanced up he saw that the moon was rising above the grim blackened cliffs on the eastern border of the canyon and casting a silvery radiance over the desolate scene.

As Frank stood glancing about him, he saw a number of tracks leading toward the cliff that rose west of the camp. He took a blazing stick from the fire and followed the trail, led to the base of the cliff and turned into a gap in the rocky wall. He followed it, ascending the steep incline, and in a few moments had reached the summit.

Here he again found the trail, and with it male tracks! The burros had been brought hither, loaded with the plunder taken from the camp and driven away.

Frank was quick to arrive at this conclusion. He realized the necessity of immediate action. He must follow the trail. He mounted to the very summit of the cliff, and as he glanced about him, he saw that the rising moon was flooding the valley to the west with a light that rendered objects at a great distance visible.

Quickly he threw his glance along the valley. Far away, a dark line of objects were moving slowly to the southwest. It required no second glance to convince him of the truth. It was the stolen burros, and they were being driven away loaded with the plunder obtained by the robbers!

Frank made up his mind to go in pursuit, and yet he hesitated as he thought of his missing friends. Should he remain and try to solve the mystery of their fate?

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN THE RAVINE.

As Mark Huber crouched in the darkness of the passage and saw the gleam of light and heard the voices of those approaching, he peered cautiously from behind the angle in the rock wall. As he did so, he saw two dark forms approaching, the foremost bearing a torch, which shed a fitful ray about the gloomy passage.

They were clad in the garb of Indians, and their faces were stained darkly and streaked with ochre. At the first glance Mark believed them to be Indians, but even before their voices betrayed them, he perceived that they were white men in disguise.

They were strangers to Mark, but known to the reader, for they were none other than Wykoff and Jessup, who had formed the villainous compact with Ray and Templeton.

They were walking in great haste, and as they passed, Mark listened eagerly to every word they uttered.

"We must be off at once," Wykoff was saying, "or we want to be on the river long before daylight."

"What the thunder are we to do with the chap we have got cooped up here?" asked Jessup.

"Leave him for the wolves to eat," replied Wykoff, with brutal abruptness.

As they passed on, Mark followed at a distance, being careful to keep out of sight.

As they came into the large chamber they stopped short, uttering exclamations of amazement.

"The boy is gone!" cried Wykoff.

"It looks that way," replied Jessup. "By thunder! how could he have gotten away with those hobbles on?"

"That's it. How shall we do about it?

"I don't know. We can't stop to look for him."

"Sure we can't. Anyway he may have succeeded in getting out and escaped. It won't make any difference to us. We must get out of this at once."

Each of the men seized one of the large bags and hurried back in the direction from which they had entered.

Mark slipped into a side passage to let them pass, and then followed cautiously.

A short distance further on they came to a steep descent, and at the foot of this a couple of burros stood. The bags were placed on their backs, and the two men then hastily returned for the remaining other articles from the chamber. After these were strapped on the backs of the animals, the little animals were hurriedly driven away.

Mark followed, keeping at a safe distance behind, but he listened intently to every word uttered by the two men.

They were now outside, and with a thrill of pleasure Mark saw the silvery beams of the moon falling through among the foliage of the trees that clustered about the entrance of the cavern.

Here the burros were hurried up a steep defile, Mark following swiftly and noiselessly.

"I don't suppose we shall be troubled with the dogs when we get back to the ravine," said Wykoff, stopping for a moment to gaze into a deep depression. "I guess he is done for."

"I should think so," replied Jessup. "In any case we shan't stop to see. We have made up with two, and the other has taken to the woods to hide, I guess. By George! we have got the Ray and Templeton have got the ore loaded on the burros we left, and if it is all Ray, Wykoff, you would make a good general."

Especially one who is retired on full pay," laughed Wykoff. "But let's be moving. The fellow down there is quiet enough. His mate has been tended to, and he is safe, I'll bet."

The two moved on up the slope, urging the burros ahead.

Mark stopped, his senses in a whirl. It was plain to him now that the rascally conspirators had captured and thrown Dick Fenton into the ravine. Perhaps his lifeless body lay there now, left by the murderers as a prey for the prowling wolves.

"I shall find out," thought Mark, as he turned about and began to pick his way carefully down the steep path into the ravine, his heart sinking with dread as he thought of what he might discover—the mangled remains of his friend in the black depths of the ravine.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE FIGURE.

Mark had barely commenced the descent when the sound of steps coming up the narrow defile caused him to stop abruptly. He turned quickly to see the dark form of a man moving slowly up the slope.

Keeping well concealed in the shadows, Mark waited breathlessly for the figure to approach.

At that moment the broad rays of the rising moon fell full on the figure, causing a half-stifled cry of delight to escape the lips of Mark.

"It's Dick Fenton, as I live!" he cried, and leaping up the steep wall, ran to meet his friend.

"Mark!" cried Fenton, staring at the youth in astonishment. "I was sure they had captured you and Frank."

"They got me, but I got away," replied Mark, as he took his friend's hand joyfully. "How did you happen to escape? I overheard the villains say they had thrown you to the bottom of the ravine. I was terribly frightened about you."

"I had a close call," said Fenton. "I might have been killed, but I struck on some projecting ledge in my descent of the rocks, and that checked my fall. So here I am, all right except that one of my ankles is sprained and I can't get on except at a snail's pace. Where is Frank?"

"I left him at camp while I went to look for you. That is all I can tell you," and Mark gave a brief and hurried account of his adventures; his capture, imprisonment in the cavern, his escape and what followed. "It is the work of Ray and Templeton," he added. "I found out that much, though the fellows ahead are strangers to me. I suppose they must have fallen in with Ray and Templeton and planned to work together. And now, what shall we do? Go back to camp?"

"I suppose so. We must find out how Frank has fared. He may have fallen into the hands of the enemy. In that case they may have made away with the ore and our outfit."

"That is so. We ought to get back to camp as soon as we can."

Fenton made but slow progress, though he was assisted by Mark, and it was fully a quarter of an hour before they reached camp. They found it deserted and plundered.

"This is pretty tough," said Fenton, dejectedly. "They have outwitted us at last."

"Not yet!" came a well-known voice, and the next instant Frank Burton came running down the slope. "We shall do things to them yet if we hurry. Where in the name of goodness are you, Mark?" he cried, he asked. "I have been fearfully alarmed and supposed some terrible thing had happened to you both."

"Well, we have been mussed up a little," confessed Mark, "but as good luck would have it we came out in pretty good order." and Frank in turn told of what had befallen the two in their absence from camp.

"I see we have all been in for a little adventure," said Frank, "but I have been the most fortunate in not having been bowled over and made a prisoner. I have escaped by keeping my eyes and ears open and keeping in the dark. Those fellows have taken our burros, plundered the camp and are off. We must follow them."

Fenton sank down on a boulder.

"Boys," he said, "it is all I can do to hob-


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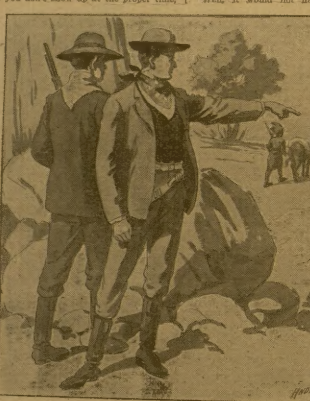

"Look, they are going for the river."

he said, "we'll double on our trail and give you a lift. Good-by, and good luck."

"The same to you," responded Fenton. "Don't worry about me. I'll be on hand in due time."

The boys ran lightly up the slope, and on reaching the summit, they could still see the little train of burros and men far down the valley.

They hurried along the trail, being careful to keep in the shadow of rocks and bushes so as to give no warning to the robbers that they were pursued.

But men and burros were soon lost to sight, and the boys were compelled to go more slowly as they found great difficulty in following the trail by moonlight.

But they pushed on as rapidly as possible, and within an hour, again came in sight of the train.

"We must not allow them to get out of our sight if we can help it," said Mark. "They will hardly suspect that they are being followed, and this will give us a big advantage."

For hours they kept steadily on. Once, when the fugitives had stopped for a little rest and to shake their thirst at a small stream, Frank and Mark came almost upon the train before they knew it, and narrowly escaped discovery.

"It was a close call," whispered Mark as the train moved on and they followed. "I was almost sure they had seen us."

"Well, it would not have mattered a whole lot," remarked Frank, indifferently. "I think we are quite a match for them if it comes to open hostilities. Even now I could wing them all with my repeating rifle before they could get ready for action, but we shall wait till such extreme measures are necessary."

They had now descended into a wide basin, almost devoid of vegetation, and the boys found it necessary to widen the distance between themselves and the train in order to avoid discovery.

A mile further on they turned westward and began to ascend a gentle slope. On arriving at the summit a wide valley lay before them, and in its midst flashed the waters of a broad, clear stream.

"Now there will be something doing," said Mark. "They can't go further than the river."

"What stream is this?" Frank asked.

"The San Pedro River, I am pretty sure."

"Can they cross it?"

"I hardly think so from its appearance."

"Then they will have to come to a halt or change their course."

"Or take to the river," suggested Mark. "They may have some sort of a craft lying in wait."

"By George! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Frank. "In that case we should be left high and dry and they could give us the horse laugh."

"Look! They are going straight for the river!"

"So they are! and it's a sure thing they cannot ford it at that point."

The boys pushed on, leaving the trail and approaching the river from a different point.

They made their way through a scant thicket of scrubby live oaks, and descending into a deep gully, they reached the river at a point some distance below the robbers.

"Now we shall see what they are up to," breathed Mark, as they crept to the margin of the river.

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## In Strange Seas.

(Continued from page eleven.)

This would give us the breeze on our larboard quarter, as the wind was hustling into the north. Knowing that the Polly was fast we hoped for the best, and hastened to pack our yards.

A stern chase was on.

Twice more the schooner fired, but with as little success as before. By that time night had fully fallen and our escape would have been confidently looked for but that the volcano was doing its best to ruin us by turning night into day. Clearly, the mountain was in strong eruption, and the great red pillar that mounted into the heavens sent its light even to our pursuer's bows.

Vanderdecken said he had never seen one-quarter so much fury there, and all his people echoed his words. Fire was hurried high and was ever falling into the agitated waters. Now, too, a deep, roaring sound came to our ears, as though a mighty gun was in continual convulsion.

All this would have been of no more than passing interest but for the fact that we were being driven directly forward on the belching peak, in order to keep away from the schooner. Running as we were, the wind must have blown with a good target.

Presently Jerry Whitebone came to me.

"Play your game, sir," he said. "What we are getting into dangerous quarters. There is a strong current here, and we must run in, or go aground in the shallows, or bump into a reef, of which there are plenty."

"Can you not anchor?" I asked. "Do you know its?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Many's the time I have boated here, and I know the channel well. You will see here directly, sir, a reef running from the water, sometimes five and sometimes ten feet. There is one channel and only one channel."

"Can you con the ship and take us safely through?"

"Ay, sir."

"Then do it. Stand by the binnacle and direct the man at the wheel."

He did as told and we began a new course which took us here and there as he planned. I had hoped that the schooner would dispute to imitate our movements. But in a more direct way, but there was at least one prudent head on board. She, we knew, would be followed, and both vessels kept off the reefs and shallows. There was, however, no more firing from the Polly after that, and that was a wast relief.

As we drew still nearer to the volcano its light became intense and the heat uncomfortable. Not only was the air surcharged, but rarefied, and it spread out like the curve of an umbrella top and both blotted out the stars and threw a dull shadow into the sea. It was possible to get too close for safety, and I considered that we had declared there was but one way and we held on, every instant taking us closer to the zone of danger.

Already the minor bits of fire were falling around us in showers, and the deck was pelted by a glowing stone.

I began to fear for our hulls, and, with the Polly still seeking the greater heat, our total incinceration was not impossible. Out of my mess stuff a pocket overboard and brought it up full of water, intending to save his face by using it on myself if I had to, but the brine was almost at the boiling point. Nature rebelled against such a test of fortune, however, and we resorted to the scuttle-butt, drawing lightly from its pricklour store.

"Jerry," I cried, "we can't endure this! What's to be done?"

"Courage, sir!" he replied. "See yonder high rock. When we are abreast of it we must turn sharply and bowl away north. Patience!"

It was good advice, but hard to follow. Most of the men were busy pitching stones overboard, for the deck was now piled much for endurance. Our sailing, too, was wild, for the sea rocked under the influence of the volcano as in that terrible place. I was gazing in a we upon the boiling mountain when a gentle voice spoke at my side.

"The volcano will bring back prosperity to our land, captain."

I wheeled in alarm. The Flying Dutchman's daughter was there, the calmest person on our decks. She looked at the blazing monster with unshaken eyes.

"For heaven's sake!" I shouted, "go below, Dame Death offers!"

"The volcano has never harmed my people, and it never will," she said, very simply. "Our lands will be restored to fertility by the change."

"But the ash from it---"

I was interrupted as Jerry shouted an order, and Hijah put her helm hard over, whereupon our bows swung about and the volcano came upon our starboard quarter. We had all the canvas spread that we could boast of, but it was no time for sending men aloft. We were flying, however, and the Polly flew on her new course with the sails as hard as iron.

Once more I besought Gretchen to go to the cabin, but she serenely asked leave to remain, and she stayed.

A full mile we ran in fine style, and then something like a thunderbolt came from the mountain, and a vast wave of fire was flung out with terrific explosion. Myriads of fine minute particles we got none of it, but the schooner, still pursuing, was caught in the mass of the avalanche, and rocks and lava fairly rained upon her decks. We were not surprised, by any means, to see her veer and skirt, but her men were working bravely, and we believed they would escape.

Unknown to us, no thick was the smoke. It must have been creeping up along the sea. It thickened swiftly, until, combined with the smoke, it shut out the sun. Then we were in a yellow pall which might have overturned our courage but for the fact that we were footing it away from the monster of the deep.

All that night we sailed into the north, but with a head wind most troublesome to us. Then when we had long foreseen came to pass. A squall pounced upon us and we were forced to turn about and run before it. For hours we dinned along in the blanket of the storm, all view shut off and the skill of our few able seamen taxed to the utmost, but good fortune was with us and we outlived the war of the elements.

Toward night the fog thinned, and with a dying wind we left the storm that was over. Just before nightfall we came upon a wreck wallowing in the seas, a schooner with both masts gone and her deck cumbered with torn sails and broken spars. It was the Mary of Salem, undone, deep in the water and disconsolate, but with men aboard, who worked the pumps with desperate zeal. It was a picture of distress we could not ignore, so we came to as near as we possible, anxious to give her aid. The seas ran so high that to boat could be launched, but we stood by until the last the party came off in their own quarterboat.

All told, they counted nine, and from them we heard the story of the once-mysterious schooner.

She had sailed from Salem for the island of Juan Fernandes, but was caught in the same gale that brought trouble to the Polly, and carried south just as the Polly had been. She, however, landed on Vanderdecken's territory, but, fearing they were near hostile persons, had been in hiding when they and I found the schooner. After we left Tony Mossett mowed below they had witnessed his end, and told there we were pirates. As a result, they joined hands with Tony and all sailed away together. Their poor opinion of us had led them to chase the Polly, at Tony's order, at the first sight.

In seeking to pass the volcano Mossett had been driven by a fatal storm, and afterward, having extinguished the fire in the craft, they attempted to reach the safest gulf, making sorry weather of it, were near death when we picked them up.

Of the nine men but one, Daniel Grief, was left of Tony's original party. He was the man who forgave for the relatives of the two hours after the rescue it was fully dark and with the wind somewhat surprising us. Southwest of where we lay Vanderdecken's land was visible, a distant line of black, and over it the volcano was the volcano, but not as we had before seen it. The top had gone, but the height was reduced by one-half. Nor was this all. Heat was still there, but the cold, accustomed to its appearance from childhood, were unanimous in the decision that it was a dying fire. Its force issued from the crater, and a blankness was over all that told of destruction.

To settle gales, to repair our rigging somewhat, we anchored and lay for twenty-four hours. During one of these intervals the general quibbon. Although in another far-distant generation the volcano might resume its fiery pillar, it was destined to slumber for many years.

Then the wind hardened and was cooled off, the heat that had warmed the current from the land ceased, and the tropic would be withdrawn. That meant that the land would go back to polar cold.

The land, like the volcano, had lived its life and was to exist no longer. Doubtless even-moving ice-field would press onward, new finding no heat to check its progress, and cover the volcano with its great mass.

There were wet cheeks among the sailor when, our anchor weighing, we stood away for the north.

We went with us. We finally made known ours, and so went on until we reached the coast, nearly all the Vanderdeckens elected to take up their new homes in Holland, and Vanderdecken asked me to visit them in the near future. I did not forget, and I was welcomed. And it was because of the reason that, two years later, I was married to Gretchen. I never had Our wedding will in full, probably because he knew he had been in the wrong, but the others of the crew---I was always in harmony.

As to my personal history, I followed the sea for ten years, retiring as captain, at which time Hijah was my second mate, and Jerry also with me. After that I gave up maritime life, taking charge of a business house in New York which was a branch of an establishment Hendrik had started and lived in Amsterdam.

Captain Roper and the rest of the crew of the Cousin Peter were picked up adrift in a boat and duly carried to Rio Janeiro from which point they sailed for home. Polly long ago settled down, but it was not Roper who commanded her. She was my own ship until I relinquished the sea.

The end.

## The Invisible Bride.

(Continued from page seven.)

heard her pronounce a name. A young woman entered the room. Sara Thornton caught the man in the chair and for a moment shook him out of his lethargy of death.

"Leon!" she cried to him, pointing at the woman, "who is she?" she asked. "Tell Miles Taverny the truth. Which of us is his wife?"

Slowly the hand of the doomed wretch rose from his side and covered the face of the beautiful creature who remained like a statue in the middle of the room.

"That one!" he said. "She is the bride of the third. Your lawful wedded wife, Miles Taverny."

* * * *

A year later, long after Sara Thornton had disappeared from the world, Chrystal read in a newspaper received from across the water a newspaper which contained a wonderful paragraph. It recorded the death of Madam Wray, and Chrystal knew from the handwriting that it was from Sara Thornton, now Sara Wray.

More than once I heard from the lips of my own cousin the story of her escape from the burning house, aided by Sara Thornton, an escape which in after years followed the exciting events of the night of the third of March. But I never learned the secret of the strange bargain made with Tracy Demayne, though the latter was necessary if not known between his shoulder blades the brand of crime.

The end.

### Why She Uses the Telephone.

Mr. Dubbs (with newspaper)---It tells here, my dear, how a progressive New York woman makes her social calls by telephone.

Mrs. Dubbs---Progressive! Huh! She's probably like me---not a decent thing to wear.

### Off for Europe.

Caller---Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter on the ocean?

Old Lady---Land sakes, no. She can swim.


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### Harriet's Bureau.

Now, Harriet's grandmother was fond of her, and gave her a charming bureau for her birthday. It was stained green and had bright brass handles, and it looked exceedingly pretty against the pink rose wallpaper of Harriet's room. And you wouldn't think a pretty bureau like that would cause Harriet any trouble, would you? But it did, yes indeed it did, and you must be told about it, so that if your grandmother ever gives you a bureau for your birthday you won't make the mistake Harriet did.

Harriet filled the bureau drawers tidily, and put her best dress and the gauze and ribbons that went with it in the lowest drawer. And because she was proud of the little brass key she locked the lowest drawer and put the key in her pocketbook, where she knew it would be safe.

After that she went away to visit her grandmother in the country for a day or two, to thank her for her beautiful birthday present.

Now, Harriet was invited to a party—a perfectly splendid party—on the seventh and as her Aunt Eleanor was coming down from the country on the morning of the seventh, it was arranged that Harriet should come with her. When she reached home she took a nap before luncheon, to be quite rested for the party, and after luncheon her mother brushed her hair into most beautiful curls and said:

"Now, get your party dress and we'll have you all ready in no time."

"Oh, yes," said Harriet, "I put it in the lower drawer of my bureau," and she sat down on the floor and tugged at the handles.

"Oh, I remember, I locked it," she said, jumping up. Then all at once her expression changed.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "I put the key in my pocketbook and left the pocketbook at grandmother's."

"Oh, dear me!" cried her mother, "there's not another dress you can wear! Your blue is unripped and your white is in the wash. I'm afraid you can't go."

Harriet sank to the floor and was just going to cry when brother Joe came in. "What's the trouble?" he asked. And when they told him he said, "Oh, that's all right; I'll soon get your dress for you."

And what do you suppose Joe did? I wonder if any of you would have thought of it? He went to the bureau and pulled out the second drawer from the bottom and put his hand into the lowest drawer and brought out Harriet's best dress. And that's how Harriet managed to get to the party after all.

### Holiday Fighter.

A New Jersey dog has a most peculiar habit, which is that regularly every Saturday and holiday he fights with some of his canine friends. Ordinary days he is the most quiet and peaceable dog imaginable, and would no more think of picking a quarrel than of refusing a bone. But always on Sundays and holidays he celebrates in this peculiar way. Out he starts spoiling for a fight, tail erect and hair bristling. He never fails to find one, either.

Why he does this no one has ever been able to find out, but there seems to be something in the air on those special days that excites his fighting instincts, and he never misses an opportunity.


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### Solved.

Teacher—Well, have you thought of a sentence containing the word "dynamite"?

Ted—Yes'm, my sister Rose wouldn't let you kiss her, but my sister Dinah might!

### Two Mexican Games.

While children play pretty much the same games the world over, here are two of the Mexican games which are not used anywhere else:

"Hanging Judas" is a popular one with the boys. They dress a big rag doll in funny clothes (much like a scarecrow) and stuff it with straw. They then put a firecracker in the toes and hang the figure by a line stretched across the narrow street. Then the fuse is lighted and "Judas" is pushed into the line. Bang! go the firecrackers, Judas is all ablaze, and the children laugh and dance about as he burns. This game is commonly played around Easter time.

"The Flying Game" is another sport popular in Mexico, and these records show it was played before the time of Columbus.

A tree is cut, its branches removed and steps are made out of ropes. Others attached to the corners of the frame are then wound around the pole. Four boys, dressed as eagles or hawks, climb up the steps, and each of them, taking a rope, swings off, while another boy whirls the square frame around. This unwinds the ropes and makes the boys fly round and round in large circles until they reach the ground. While the birds are flying down one boy stands on top of the pole, waving a flag and beating a drum, until a looker-on feels much as if he had been to a circus.

### A Birthday Error.

Dear Niece: To my recollection it is proper to give a great number of kisses to one who has a birthday, so I have ordered Hilagretti to send you a five-pound box of Scotch kisses and other sweets for your fifteenth birthday. Please do not think I have designs on you, and please do not eat them all at once, but accept them with the dear love and best wishes of UNCLE JACK.

Dear Nephew: It is ten years since I have seen you; you were a little shaver of five then, and now you are fifteen next week. I send you many happy returns by a brown baby bear, who will give you the slaps and hugs that I am not able to bestow. Your affectionate UNCLE JACK.

Dear Uncle Jack: Please don't say it was a mistake, but only a jolly joke of yours that instead of candy (which I detest) you sent me the dearest, cunningest, most affectionate little brown baby bear. I just love him and wouldn't part with him for a farm. Your loving and grateful niece, MAY.

P. S.—I'd rather have bear hugs than Scotch kisses, anyway.

Telegram—Uncle Jack: Candy received. Billy—all of the girls like me now. Pete rufled out of our academy, so prefer candy to bear.

### Where Water Goes.

All the rain that percolates down into the earth comes to the surface again somewhere. It goes down until it meets rock, through which it cannot pass, and as more water is added to the earth it pressing upon it, it has to find a way or escape to the surface. In this underground trip it takes up from rocks the salts that are useful to the life of plants and animals.

### Experience.

Billy—I saw a movie-pitcher show about a feller that was asleep at the switch.

Jimmie—Say, if dad had the butt end of that switch, I'll bet the feller'd come to in a hurry.